

The TATLER

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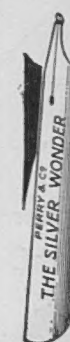
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H.M. THE QUEEN'S LATEST PORTRAIT IN THE ACADEMY

By DAVID JAGGER

This is the second Academy portrait of H.M. the Queen which Mr. David Jagger has had the honour to paint. His first portrait of the Queen was hung in the 1930 Exhibition, and the sketches made for the first picture were utilised to a great extent for the present one, which is held to be incomparably the better

THE LETTERS OF EVE



AT THE WHEATLAND HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

Truman Howell

Miss Frances Pitt, M.F.H., who is also a well-known writer and authoress of much charming literature about animals, Lord and Lady Acton, Mrs. Colthurst, Mrs. Wolryche-Whitmore, and Captain G. C. Wolryche-Whitmore, M.F.H., Miss Frances Pitt's Joint Master. The Wheatland are the next-door neighbours of the Albrighton, and it is mainly a grass country with all sorts of obstacles. Lord Acton's seat, Aldenham Park, Salop, is in the Wheatland country

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—The Two Thousand, Orwell, and the sale of the late Sir John Rutherford's horses made Newmarket almost a whole time job last week. I've certainly never seen more people than there were on Wednesday, for, added to all the usual habitués from the King and the Princess Royal downwards, I met hundreds of people I had not seen racing for months. The King himself seemed in great form, and Mrs. Clayton, Lady Charles Montagu, and Mrs. Tomkinson, whose husband has just taken over the management of the royal stud, were being greatly entertained by his remarks.

There were so many well-known faces that I should fill up this letter if I tried to mention a tenth of them by name. And so many pretty women. The first prize for looks and general smartness was awarded unanimously to Lady Edward Hay, one of the few natural platinum blondes in the world. She was all in black on Wednesday, and in the neat black-and-white check she wore the day before she looked quite enchanting. Next, I think, came Mrs. John Fane, tall, fair, and slim, whose expression always suggests that she is as unruffled inwardly as outwardly. Lady Nunburnholme, all in vivid blue, ran her close, and among other pretty women I noticed were



ALSO AT NEWMARKET: MR. J. A. DEWAR AND MRS. McNEILL

Mr. Dewar's Wood Ditton winner, Violator, did not run in the Guineas, but he is in both the Derby and the Leger. On Guineas day Mr. Dewar had a two-year-old filly running in the Wilbraham Stakes. Mr. Dewar's engagement to Mrs. McNeill was announced early in April, but no date for the wedding has yet been published. His Cameronian won both the Two Thousand and the Derby last year



ON GUINEAS DAY AT NEWMARKET: THE HON. ESMÉ GLYN

Excellent racing and perhaps a view of the coming Derby winner—but very indifferent weather was what the people at Newmarket got. The Hon. Esmé Glyn is Lord and Lady Wolverton's younger daughter

Mrs. Euan Wallace, in a short snow-leopard coat, and Mrs. John Drury Lowe.

Among the crowds of men there were three who appealed most to the eye. Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild had a long blue cardigan coming well down over the characteristically loose trousers of his dark grey suit, and his hat tilted well forward at the usual angle. Colonel Fred Cripps was wearing the check tweed Inverness cape, which is now such a familiar sight in Bond Street, and which also graced the sale paddocks on Wednesday morning, when the biggest crowd I have ever seen there came to watch Orpen and the rest of the Rutherford horses, except Solario, come under the hammer.

We are a little self-conscious in getting just the right rat-catcher effect for the sales, but I noticed that Lord Valentia had not forgotten the three orange buds, so I begin to believe that he must even wear them on his pyjamas. But the prize went to Sir Walter Gilbey, the expert on sartorial

suitability as regards equine matters. A grey tweed overcoat with a large blue check, light greenish tweed trousers faintly striped with magenta, a red tie, and a pale green cap. By the time racing started everything had been changed but the overcoat, the general effect being grey with the famous curly bowler.

* * *

Mrs. Washington Singer had congratulations showered upon her when Orwell came back into the unsaddling enclosure looking quite unconcerned at all the fuss. With her was her daughter, Miss Longsdon, who has just got engaged to Mr. Freddie Hennessy, Sir George and Lady Hennessy's younger son, who works in the famous family firm. They are to be married this summer and then go out to Singapore for some months on business.

Sir George must be finding that his family keep him rather more occupied than he imagined when he gave up Parliament to enjoy a well-earned rest after his many years in the House. For during the last three seasons he and Lady Hennessy have had three weddings to deal with and two daughters to bring out. Mr. Jim Hennessy married Miss Angela Duggan, and Miss Noreen Hennessy married Mr. Michael Bull last July, and now there is to be another wedding and another coming-out. Lady Hennessy is presenting the youngest girl, Kathleen, at the second Court, and is giving a dance for her at the beginning of Derby Week.

* * *

Some of the sculpting on the Memorial Theatre at Stratford was done by Mr. Bobby Combe whose brother, Mr. Tommy Combe, has just got engaged to Miss Pam Cuninghame. He is about sixteen years older than she



Dorothy Wilding

THE HON. MRS. HILARY BRAY



TROUT FISHING IN NORTH WALES

Mr. C. A. Vlieland, Miss Vlieland, Sir Henry Richards, C.B.E., Colonel T. C. Sinclair, Mrs. Sinclair, Major-General W. H. Bartholomew, C.B., C.M.G., and (in front) Master Sinclair, at the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, a well-known meeting-place for keen fishermen. Sir Henry Richards is the Board of Education's senior chief inspector. General Bartholomew directs military operations and intelligence at the War House



Truman Howard

OTTER HUNTING STARTS

Sir Henry and Lady Ripley, Sir Robert Green-Price, and Lady Coventry at the opening meet of the Hawkestone Otterhounds at Leintwardine. Sir Robert Green-Price, a D.L. for Radnorshire, used to be Master of the Teme Valley Foxhounds. Sir Henry Ripley's place, Bedstone Court, is near Bucknell in Shropshire

is, but he is the youngest thirty-seven imaginable, with all the easy-going Combe qualities that don't usually go with flaming red hair. She is one of the tallest girls in society, bar the Lygons, and she has inherited all the charm of her father, Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, who was Military Attaché in Vienna both before and after the War. Height runs in this family, for her brother, Mr. Sandy Cuninghame, is one of the tallest young men in the Army.

* * *

After getting back from Stratford, the Prince had hoped to come to the Arts Theatre on the Sunday night to see *The Mews*, a new comedy by Theodore de Serannes, a name which only thinly disguises the identity of Major Charles Dudley Ward. We were disappointed that the Prince couldn't turn up after all, but were much entertained by the dialogue in this very scathing satire on that particular class of publicity-loving people which we all know or know of, and which he has taken to surround a brilliantly successful but disillusioned young playwright. The author very evidently enjoys writing dialogue, and is inclined to let it run away with him. And for that reason there is too much talk and too little action in the first two acts. But with a little cutting *The Mews* ought to make a popular success, for the third act and the epilogue are brilliant.

* * *

All the serious music-lovers turned up in full force at the Queen's Hall, to hear (and watch) Bruno Walter, who played the piano part in a well-known Mozart concerto, as well as conducting it. A real *tour de force*, though rather exhausting to the beholders. Personally, although his playing was exquisite, I felt happier when I closed my eyes. It gave one a feeling of restlessness and strain to see the great conductor trying to do two things at once, even though he did them both superlatively well. Also, as it was obviously impossible for him to conduct when actually playing, certain passages were bound to suffer. But he is a great musician, and his phrasing of the second movement was a joy.

* * *

The audience included Lady Wimborne, who never misses a good concert if she can help it, Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine, Lord Moore, Mr. William Walton, Lady Ravensdale, who came with Mr. Geoffrey Toye, Lady Cunard, and Mr. Constant Lambert, the clever author of *Rio Grande*, whose charming Javanese wife was being much admired.

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

There seems no end to portrait exhibitions. Prince Urach's was succeeded by Peter North's, and now we have an exhibition of portraits by contemporary artists at the Wilding Gallery, and Yevonde is showing a number of her portraits in colour-photography at the Albany Gallery. However, Mr. Eugene MacCown, the brilliant young American artist, who has been over here for some time painting in Mr. Patrick Balfour's studio, is returning to Paris without giving one. One of the best things he has done is a portrait of Mr. Godfrey Winn.

Mr. Balfour himself is starting a book which he has been commissioned to write, and he tells me that Mr. Edward Sackville-West, who wrote that strange book, "The Ruin" and some others and is now contemplating a play. At the moment he is living in his tower over the main gateway into Knole, which he has done up in the most modern style.



AT THE CINEMA PERFORMANCE IN AID OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince George both attended the midnight performance of "Lily Christine" at the Plaza. In the group with T.R.H. are (left) Lady Furness, who was Chairman of the Committee which arranged the performance, and Lady Dalkeith, who was deputy chairman. Every seat was sold and more than £6,000 was realized. The 200 seats in the grand circle fetched 10 guineas each

One of the best public dances we have had for some time was the Italian ball at the Savoy. And a great part of its success was due to the energy of Donna Diana Bordonaro who supervised all the arrangements. She is ideally suited to be an ambassadress and she looked very stately and very beautiful in white with a spray of orchids on her shoulder. She brought a big party, and so did Mrs. Mervyn Herbert, whose younger guests included the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Rachel Howard, and Miss Margaret Drummond.

Donna Degna Marconi was another beautiful hostess in white. With her was Mademoiselle Regis de Oliveira, Miss Gladys Jessel, and Miss Valerie Lynch, a pretty, fair-haired débutante of seventeen who is being presented at the first Court. The men of their party include the Marquis Pallavicini, Mr. Andrew van Neck, and the Duke of Marlborough, whose black suède shoes were most intriguing. They evidently have very special properties, for he is certainly the most tireless dancer in London.

A number of black-shirted and rather fierce-looking Fascisti gave a picturesque effect to the proceedings. However they did nothing more alarming than distribute green, white, and red balloons to emphasize the national character of the ball.

By the time you get this those who have gone up to race at Chester will already be half through the meeting. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who were the most conspicuous absentees at Aintree this year, are having their usual big race-week party at Eaton. Among their guests are Captain and Mrs. Eddie Compton, who have just taken a flat in Hertford Street. They have been obliged to shut down Newbie, their lovely home in Yorkshire, for the same reason that we are all trying to cut down, but they hope to be back there during the boys' holidays in the summer.

The country-house week-end season is in full force now and Lord and Lady Tweeddale have been entertaining a lot lately at Hatchlands, the fine Adams house they have taken from the Goodheart-Rendells. And as their four daughters range in age from eighteen to five there

is a good deal of variety about these parties. A few days ago the house contained, besides the Czechoslovakian Minister and Mr. and Lady Kathleen Curzon Herrick, a family of Shetland collies, three or four other dogs of various breeds, several Siamese cats, and three monkeys, the youngest of which is delicate and lives in one of the bathrooms!

The housing problem seems to be affecting everybody, and I think that Lord and Lady Lymington are showing the most ingenuity in coping with it. They are going to let, if by now they haven't already let, their house in Westminster, and intend to spend the summer economising on a Dutch barge on the Thames. This seems an excellent idea, for Lord Lymington and his American wife spent some years farming out in Wyoming, before his father succeeded the late Lord Portsmouth, so they have some experience in roughing it. And now that he is among the rising politicians he will still be quite near the House.

Another person to cope successfully with the problem, though in a different

way, is Madame Woevodsky, who has miraculously turned a warehouse in Horse Shoe Yard into a medieval Italian palace. The high whitewashed rooms, stone floors, brocade hangings, and carved Italian furniture take one completely by surprise after the cobblestones of the yard outside, but there are so few houses in London with any real character of their own, that it is a very pleasant sort of shock.

The Plaza Theatre was the scene of unusual activity on Thursday night, when Lady Furness received a distinguished audience, including the Prince of Wales and Prince George, for the first showing of the new Michael Arlen film, *Lily Christine*. On the whole, the film itself was rather disappointing, especially at the end, when the unhappy heroine, instead of dying tragically, is brought to life again, with her head swathed in bandages, looking exactly like an advertisement for an Elizabeth Arden face treatment! But the cabaret included Harry Tate and Joe Coyne, and afterwards we were shown a series of close-ups of ourselves arriving at the theatre, which made it abundantly clear that the film face is a very rare possession. Lady Plunket, with her long hair curled behind her ears, survived the test with the most credit, though Mrs. Claude Leigh also faced the camera with calm and courage. Lady Mount Temple wore a curious dress of white chiton embroidered in brown and gold; Miss Katherine Horlick's flowered brocade was charming—the two heroines of the evening, Lady Furness and Lady Dalkeith, made an effective contrast, one so dark and one so very fair.



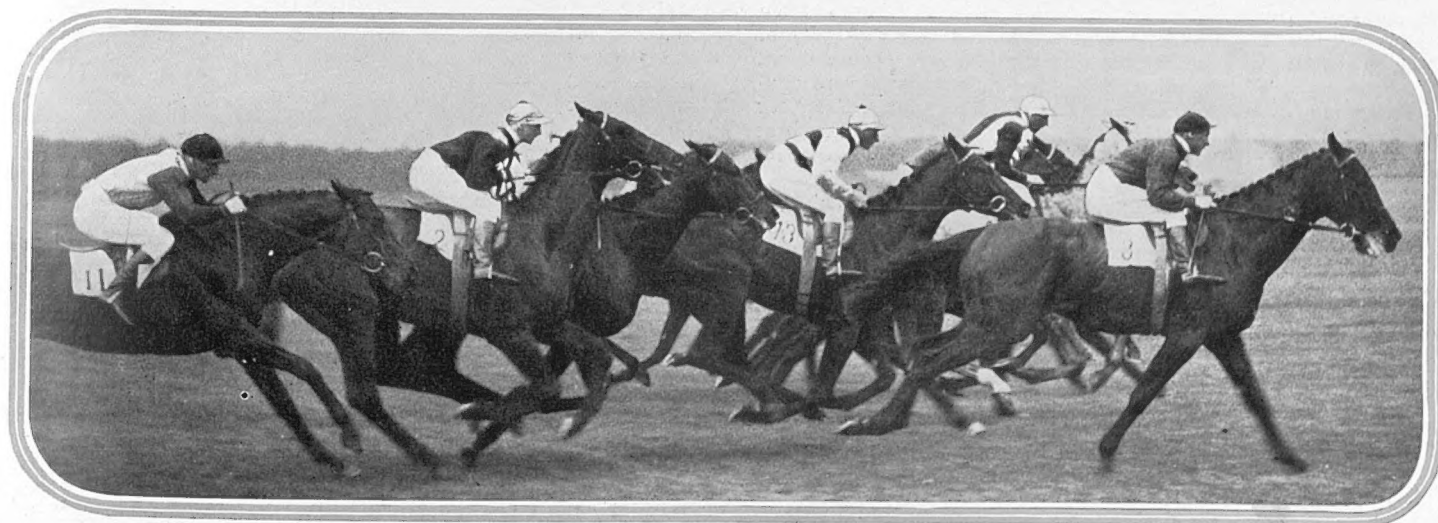
MRS. CHARLES MILLER AND MISS BETSAN HORLICK AT ROEHAMPTON

Mrs. Charles Miller is the wife of Colonel Charles Miller, brother of the late Colonel Ted Miller of 17th, Rugby P.C. and polo fame generally. Miss Betsan Horlick was in the doubles with Mr. Peter Miller, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Miller's son who is in the Grenadiers

The Ladies' Kennel Association, of which Lorna Lady Howe is chairman and Lady Burton vice-chairman, are making a great move towards Brighter Dog Shows in their big annual event at Olympia next Wednesday and Thursday. There are to be breed parades, training displays by Great Danes, and obedience classes in which even the Pekingese will have to do what they are told. It seems a very good idea, for dog shows are usually calculated to exhaust even the keenest enthusiast, and the lot of the exhibitors has always seemed to me anything but a happy one.—Yours ever, EVE.



ORWELL (R. A. JONES UP), WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS



ANOTHER RACE ON GUINEAS DAY

Mr. W. M. G. Singer's Orwell, by Gainsborough out of Golden Hair, won the Guineas last week like a race-horse, and if Michael Beary, who rode the runner-up, is any judge, he is what is called a real smasher. The controversy as to whether he will stay the extra half-mile on the very different Epsom course on June 1 is certain to be hotly waged right up to the moment of the "off." Orwell won the Greenham and the Guineas in heavy going, and in consequently slow time, but at Newmarket many thought he looked like galloping on. There is only one reason, so some people think, which might mark him as a non-stayer, the fact that the brilliant Amphion is close up in Golden Hair's pedigree. Pedigree for pedigree, Lord Rosebery's Miracle, the Guineas disappointment and Gimcrack winner, is bred on far stouter lines. However, "nous verrons"!

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

ONE gets a better view of both long distance and sprint races at Sandown Park than on any other course, and it is the only course on which the 5 furlongs can be seen from start to finish from the side. It is an education to see how far a horse can be leading at 4 furlongs and yet be run out of it, and from the stands it is impossible to guess the result to within a length. This was the case in the Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes, in which Solar Boy seemed to have the race at his mercy, and in the finish was run out of it by Lord Carnarvon's King Salmon, a half brother to Blenheim, on which Carslake was at his very best. The winner is a goodish colt, and the second was sold by Colonel Giles Loder at the Dublin sales, a mortifying business, as it left his own runner, Mauretania, well in the rear. Two goodish gambles were brought off at the meeting, the first one being on Negro in a selling plate, and even the "buying in" price of 800 odd guineas cannot be dear when one considers that should his improvement continue at the same rate after each outing even a Hunt Cup might be a gift. The second was A.P.M. in a two-year-old selling plate which was backed from 8 to 1 down to a blank refusal, and bought in after a fairly easy victory. This is probably a more than useful plater, though owing to the changing going the two-year-old plating form this year is all upside down. Leighon won the Esher Cup after being in every conceivable tangle on a tight rein, and must have had an incredible amount in hand. He will pay to follow, as will Damerham, who has won three handicaps off the reel without the handicapper having yet got him taped, and is probably one of the best handicap sprinters.

The sales on the morning of Guineas day were of great interest owing to the dispersal of Sir John Rutherford's horses, which only made half the price they would a few years ago. Orpen has gone to be trained by Frank Butters for Sir Alfred Butt, and Andrea, possibly the best buy of the lot as a racing proposition has, I am glad to say, gone to Captain Percy Whitaker, who has a sadly depleted string of horses these days. The sale was attended by, one would say, almost a record crowd containing but an infinitesimal percentage of buyers, but the sale paddocks are an amusing place to spend the morning hearing the latest "gup," gleaning information, and swapping lies. The aggravating part about these sales is that six lots having gone below their value, you bid for the seventh—which is put in at twice its price and eventually makes four times what it's worth, in the same way that whereas six times out of seven threes will win at poker, the seventh time when you hold them you run up against a straight. A friend of mine, exasperated beyond words at having failed to buy any of the four lots he bid for some years ago, eventually emerged in triumph, having bought a bargain for a tanner. It was all too good to be true, till he tried to take a pony profit, when he found he had omitted to notice £380 of minor forfeits. He still has the animal and it is so far a maiden.

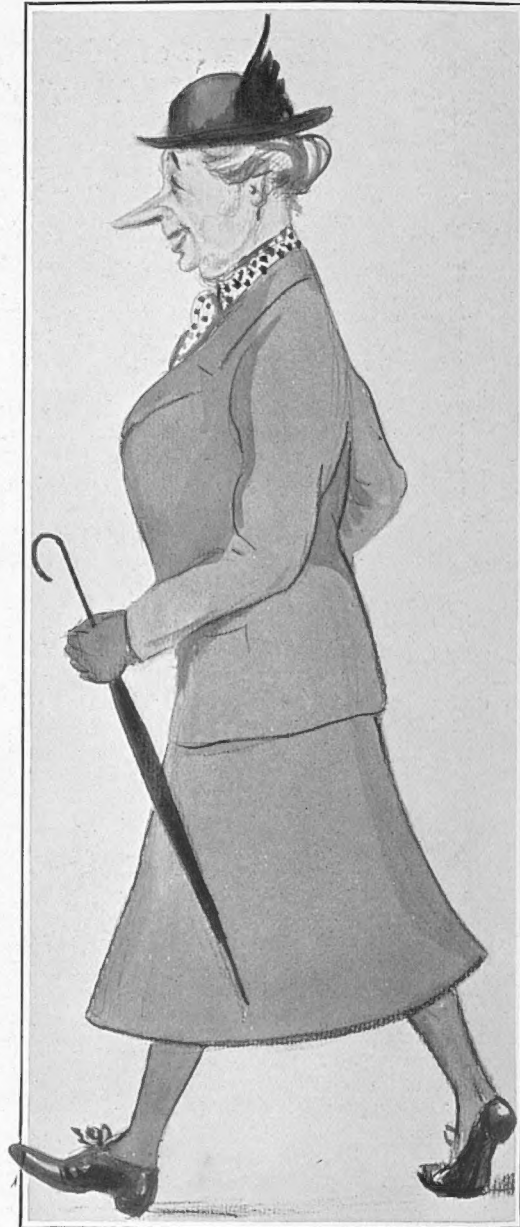
The day's racing, in so far as the huge crowds were concerned, must have been a huge success, with no fewer than four favourites winning, including the big race. Easily the best looking horse in the paddock was Loaningdale, with Dastur and Wyvern the next two. Miracle is too big and split up, Paddington is even bigger, and Spenser, the gamest horse in training, is rather small and mean. Orwell, who was a picture of fitness, is seen at his best coming home alone with your maximum reposing on his efforts. The race is said to have been slowly run, but be that as it may, Orwell drew out when wanted, and won in the most effortless fashion from Dastur, who was racing on the farther side. While Dastur has rather more to work on, and will have Michael Beary in the saddle, one cannot see how the placings can be reversed at Epsom, as the winner was never asked for an effort, and appears to stay. All the other fancied horses were done with at the distance, and Orwell, besides being a long way the best of a good crop of three-year-old colts, is undoubtedly the world beater that his stable considers him to be. It was decided not to run Cockpen, and in so far as I can trace, not one of the leading sporting journalists was consulted on the subject. I understand from their own pens that in all matters of this sort their opinion is not only taken but invariably acted upon, and I can only hope that our union will take some cognizance of this unwarranted slight. As on all big race days, such as the Derby and National, the rest of the programme was dull, with the exception of the victory of Jacqueline of Hainault, who in the colours of the lucky Miss Paget brought off a forlorn hope, and the semi-royal victory of Akhnaton in the last race.

In consequence one had ample leisure in which to study the huge crowds which thronged the enclosures and speculate on the various reasons attracting them. It is an ill-wind that blows no one any good, and one couldn't help reflecting that the raiding of the "Slip In" Club had materially augmented the attendance at Newmarket. The first Spring meeting is quite a fashionable affair, generally disclosing the new modes for men and women. For men our two sartorial experts are at variance, one wearing heavy hog-skin gloves and no hat at the sales and a heavy felt hat and no gloves at the races,

while the other wore for both occasions a self-inflicted one-piece Inverness cape-kilt carried out in a rough gaoispuin. The only noticeable changes in women's costumes are the hats worn so far on one side that only half the race-glass can be used, and the new eyelashes which preclude their use at all. Were it not for her obvious hatred of publicity I should like to mention the presence of a certain good-looking girl whom I have not seen racing before. I feel, however, that it would hardly be fair as on four nights in succession I have been partially blinded by flash-light photographers who apparently have to stalk her in restaurants while feeding. According to the captions in the illustrated journals she is a daughter of her father, a "kinswoman" of her uncle, and (for lack of anything else) "an ardent motorist." That shows you how fashionable the meeting has grown!

During the meeting a blow was dealt to the whole racing world by the news that Jugo had at last broken down in a wretched little hurdle race at Fontwell Park. There could be no reason for it, as since running in only one race the day before he had no further races, and had even had most of the morning to himself. Luckily, the game old fellow has I believe only hit himself, and will be entirely recovered in a day or two to resume his position as a popular idol.

There may be little or nothing in a name, but can one predict a future on the turf for an animal just christened according to the calendar, "Muck and Nettles?" It appears to show originality without imagination.



MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH

An impression gathered at a recent race-meeting of the widow of the late manager of His Majesty's racing establishment. The late Major Fetherstonhaugh has been succeeded by Colonel H. A. Tomkinson

IN THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN



AT THE "WINGS OVER EUROPE" FIRST NIGHT:
MR. AND MRS. ALDOUS HUXLEY



AND: MRS. JULIAN HUXLEY AND MR. H. G. WELLS

Sasha



AT A MIDNIGHT "SURPRISE" PARTY: Lord Cecil Douglas, the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, the Hon. Leo Russell, Lady Cecil Douglas, and Lady Evelyn Norris, and Mr. Murray Britton



AND ALSO: SIR STANLEY BIRKIN, LADY MARY ERSKINE,
AND LORD WARWICK

The "surprise" party, of which two snapshots are in this page, was one at which the names of the hosts were kept secret until things were well under way. They were eventually disclosed as Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Mrs. Waveney Trew, and Miss Sonia Converse. The party was given at the beautiful house in Belgrave Square of Jonkheer Charles van Ufford. Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne's new play, "Wings Over Europe," at the Globe, looks as if it meant to "fly" all right, and the first night attracted a very interested audience. "H. G." and Julian Huxley did a book together, "The Science of Life," and Aldous the younger brother's book, "Brave New World," created a bit of a stir. The Gargoyle Club, in which Sir Oswald Mosley and the Hon. David Tennant are principally interested, is devoted to the cult of the sword, and the night the party in the picture was thrown a few interesting duels were fought



AT THE GARGOYLE FENCING CLUB: Lady Patricia Moore, Mr. Waddington,
Lady Mary Lygon, and the Hon. David Tennant

The Cinema : I Take a Holiday

By JAMES AGATE

ONE of the most extraordinary things about the screen is that the highbrows should have tacked themselves on to it. In its early days the film, as I remember, was something tacked on to the fag-end of a music-hall entertainment. When the film became feasible as an entertainment in itself it was at once obvious that here was a cheap form of theatre for the people. Everybody was extremely happy, and the older high-brows wisely held themselves aloof. Then came the fashion for infantile high-brows, and at once the film fat was in the fire. Whereby it became necessary for writers of film criticism to brush up their style. Previously one had opined that a film was exciting or dull; now one had to discuss its "montage." I think this word means snipping bits out of the film and gumming what is left. But the clever folk tell me that it is exactly out of this process that the art of a Marlene Dietrich is made. In other words, the poor dear is not an actress but the affair of "montery and gummage," as Miss Violet Cork might put it. I have a young friend whose name not all the chariot-horses in *Ben Hur* shall drag from me but who was educated at Eton, spells playwright "playwrite," and cannot add up a simple row of figures without using his fingers, and, I gather, toes! Otherwise he is of an intelligence which affrights me. Now, some days ago he asked me whether "empathy" might not be defined as "potential beauty in the inanimate." The fashion has spread beyond the clever babes of Oxford and Cambridge, since now the film criticism of our most august newspapers is of an intellectuality which leaves the critics of the other arts pitifully behind. On a recent Sunday I read the following: "Ozep's work is gradual, formal, and measured; his scenes have shape and antithesis; his continuity is as closely developed as a musical symphony. When he shoots a train or a tree it is not for decorative effect; it has its place in his argument, it is a specific train, a particular tree, it moves so, it grows so, because the thought is incomplete without it." Whereas I, poor mutt, thought a train was filmed because in it somebody had to get somewhere, or a tree photographed because in it the film company proposed to hide some monarch. Then take this about Mynheer Ivens' *Radio*: "In spite of a certain inchoateness in its quality, this is one of the most significant documentaries yet thrown up in the new drive towards rationalism. Ivens is a force to be reckoned with in modern cinema—we still want to see his *Creosote*—and the Phillips Radio film contributes a dozen significant departures to serious direction. It is primarily a film of direction by cutting; there is one special method of cutting in close-ups from different angles that is an Ivens peculiarity, and gives to the sequences of valve-making, for instance, an almost incredible excitement and force."

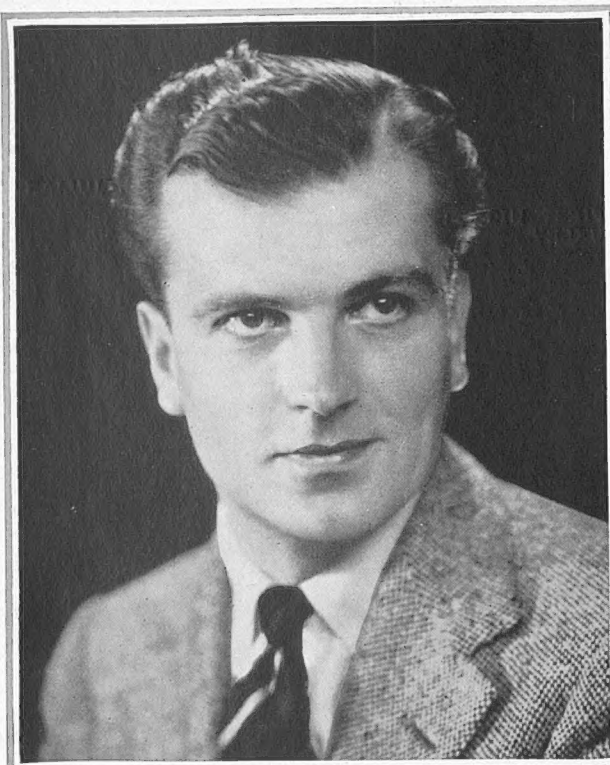
Now, dear readers of THE TATLER, I have failed—miserably failed—and I apologise for my lamentable failure to achieve this grandeur of nonsensicality. I have tried. I have sat up in the early hours with clouts steeped in absinthe swathing my brow. I have contemplated engaging a Russian secretary who should have my articles translated into English by her German lover. I have tried dictating in the open air and in dressing-gowns. I have memorized "Kamera Kultur," by Ulrich Pfb. After months of striving, the best I could produce was a paragraph about the antinomial subjectivity of ideated positivism, but the paragraph went west to make room for a picture of Miss Myrna Loy, and that was the end of that.

Let me now return to my young friend, who in his small intelligent person stands for and explains the modern attitude

to the film. He came into my study the other morning and waved at me a bundle of throw-aways concerning a German film called *The Death House*. He showed me a "still" of three men, and suggested that I should contrast two masses of rhythmic shade against one mass of atonality. I asked him what he supposed the three people were doing, and he replied contemptuously that that didn't matter. But it appeared to me that it must have mattered considerably to the atonal gentleman who, stark-naked between two military hooligans, was being persuaded to insert a bayonet under his fifth rib. I said something of this to my young friend, and shall never forget the look of pity which swept over his infantile features. Yet I cannot think that the general public is really interested in what I cannot help calling the higher bosh. The wider the public and the lower the collective brow, the less I take it will be the interest in "sequences of valve-making." In my view it is incredible that normal picture-goers can be excited by anything

of the sort; on the contrary, I hold that they must always be overwhelmingly preoccupied with what story is being told in the film, and hardly at all with the manner of its relation. I believe, of course, in the art film—the film which invites you to spend an evening in sewers, workhouse wards, and clinics, which asks you to see that drama in a dung-heap and chiaroscuro in a cesspool which I should not for one moment dream of denying, but this is film for the coteries, just as the Little Theatre Movement is theatre for the coteries. Plays about operating-theatres will never make popular theatre, and I am persuaded that films about dissecting-rooms will never make popular film. Take the film now running at the Empire, the spy film called *Mata Hari*. I take it that what readers want to be told is whether the one and only Garbo is allowed to do any spying or whether she is compelled to make eyes instead of using them, whether Ramon Novarro has got fatter or Lionel Barrymore thinner, and whether the latter has on this occasion condescended to act or is still his old sweet self. I think, too, that any criticism of this film might contain something about whether it makes spying credible. Personally, against all the evidence, I have never been able to believe in international spying, which seems to me to be the province of Mr. Ernie Lotinga.

In fact I would myself elaborate this, were it not that I am tasting in advance a little holiday I am going to take from film criticism. Permit me, then, one backward glance. In the last four years I have learned that, putting aside Russian films as being for the moment too greatly concerned with propaganda, the best films are German, followed by the French, with Hollywood many lengths behind, and then, at a respectful distance, the English. I have learned, what I knew before starting film criticism, that nine-tenths of the money spent on them is thrown away. I have learned, what I had previously guessed, that the industry loses too many pounds through being too purely catchpenny. I have come to know that the greatest screen-artists I have seen from the beginning of the film are Charlie Chaplin, Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss, Richard Barthlemess, Francesca Bertini, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton, Lillian Gish, and, of course, any Russian of either sex. And now it is my privilege to introduce my successor, the charming and delightful lady who desires to be known as "Lenz," which of course is the German for Spring and all the freshness that goes therewith. Let a parting guest in these pages welcome the coming one. *Au revoir, Greta! Auf wiedersehen, Marlene! A rivederci, Ruth!* But also welcome, Spring!



Janet Jevons

MR. JOHN LODER IN "THE WEDDING REHEARSAL"

Mr. Loder was in the 15th Hussars, and celebrated his eighteenth birthday in a then very noisy place, Gallipoli. He went from Eton and Sandhurst straight into the War. "The Wedding Rehearsal" is the first talkie launched by London Film Productions, Ltd. Mr. Loder recently has been doing a lot of film work in Hollywood

RACING IN IRELAND: THE LEOPARDSTOWN MEETING



SPORTING PERSONALITIES ON THE STEPS AT KILDANGAN

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



MISS V. LANGLEY AND MRS. KING

Mr. and Mrs. More O'Ferrall's home in Co. Kildare, where their son trains a string of over fifty horses, was full to the brim for Punchestown, Leopardstown, and Phoenix Park races. Above are (from left to right) Mr. More O'Ferrall, Lord Stavordale, Lady Moira Forbes, Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, Mrs. Chester Beatty, Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall, Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall, Captain Stott, and the Marquis de Brissac. Behind: Mr. A. Chester Beatty, Mrs. More O'Ferrall, and Lord Delamere. The Marquis de Brissac, who is engaged to Lady Moira Forbes, has had several racing successes in Ireland and is immensely popular with the crowd. He rode his Blarney Castle in the Governor-General's Cup at Punchestown and was concerned in a very close finish, being beaten a short head by Captain O'Grady on Old Tim



WATCHING MRS. LEONARD'S GOLEARIA WINNING THE LEOPARDSTOWN 'CHASE



MRS. PETER THURSBY, THE HON. HAMISH ERSKINE, AND LADY HONOR GUINNESS AT LEOPARDSTOWN



MRS. SEMPLE. BIG GAME HUNTER AND EXPLORER

Lord Stavordale, Sir Richard Sykes, and Miss Veronica Christie-Miller in the Members' Enclosure. Sir Richard Sykes is the Squire of Sledmere, where so many classic horses have been bred. He was staying with the Plunkets at Luttrellstown, and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine (see extreme left) came with Mrs. Synnott's party from Furness. Mrs. Semple is a noted Irish sports-woman, traveller and explorer. The third largest lion ever shot fell to her rifle a few years ago in Kenya, a feat which features in Rowland Ward's book of records. She also flies an aeroplane with great enthusiasm



COUNT JOHN McCORMACK'S 25th
LONDON SEASON

At the Albert Hall last week when the famous Irish tenor appeared on the 25th anniversary of his first London appearance (April 24). This, unhappily, is to be Count McCormack's only appearance in London this season

perpetual disappointment seems unconsciously to have deadened any such hope. At last you dismally expect the next acquaintance to be as conventional and dully true-to-type as the last one proved to be. A crowd seems to get uglier and uglier. You have become so used even to the conventional unconventionality of certain "originals" that they excite your curiosity no more. From their manner, from their clothes, from their deportment, from their interests, and from their outward conception of whatever rôle they had imagined themselves called upon to play in the artificial comedy of life, you know full well exactly what will be most people's attitude towards everything, almost what they will say and the way they will say it. You have lost all expectation of delight in the adventure of people—as people. Consequently when at last and very occasionally you do happen to meet someone utterly outside the prescribed types, twenty years seem to fall off your inner age and the joy can only be compared to a day in January dawning in the unaccountable belief that it is June. And as with people so with books. I can almost tell the type of book I am about to read from the very first page. I read on. And sometimes I am mildly pleased as when a friend appears at his best without, however, revealing anything you did not know before. But more often books are as a bore who bores

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Adventure of
"People."

THE worst of growing older is the fact that unconsciously you seem to lose the, what I will call, "adventure of people." When you are young "people" are an adventure in themselves. Every new face, every fresh acquaintance is the subject of the liveliest mental and emotional curiosity. Indeed, fresh faces alone seem to hold the promise of the happiest interest. Even a crowd is exciting. You never know when you may meet the life-long friend—perhaps a possible lover—always the thrill that perchance you will find someone intensely interesting to look at who, moreover, may be equally intensely interested in looking at you. That is one of the secret "adventures" of being young. But as you grow older

and will for ever bore you in the selfsame way. How well one begins to know the clever book, the pretty-pretty book, the nice book, the nasty book, the dull, portentous volume, the book which only became a book because the writer was under contract or had made his name, and so felt that it was just about time the world had another volume from his pen. So even the adventure of books becomes a little less exciting than it used to be. All the same, as with people, your desk does occasionally find dumped upon it a volume which is utterly unlike type. It may not necessarily be clever, nor nice, nor historically important, nor witty, nor very wise; but it is nevertheless so welcome, so enjoyable, just because it is *different*. And so, without further preamble, let me tell you that "Hindoo Holiday" (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.), by Mr. J. R. Ackerley, was, for me, just such a novelty. Who is Mr. J. R. Ackerley you may ask, suspicious of the unknown, and wondering what the Book Society and its recommendations are going to do about him? Well, Mr. Ackerley some years ago wrote a remarkable play, *Prisoners of War*, which appeared before the War became fashionable, and was so true to actuality that the crowd didn't like it at all. Its run therefore was brief, without, however, creating the least surprise. Since then I have never heard of Mr. Ackerley, but apparently he has been having the quaintest, most entertaining time. "Hindoo Holiday" is the quaint and most entertaining result. Anyway, for six months Mr. Ackerley filled the post of secretary-cum-companion to the Maharajah of "Chhokrapur," ostensibly as tutor for His Highness' son. But what His Highness really wanted, Mr. Ackerley explains was "someone to love him." "He alleged other reasons, of course . . . for he wasn't really a bit like the Roman Emperors, and had to make excuses. As a matter of fact he had a private secretary, though an Indian one, and his son was only two years old; but no doubt he felt that the British Raj, in the person of the Political Agent who kept an eye on the State expenditure and other things, would prefer a label, any of the tiny buff labels that the official mind is trained to recognize and understand, to being told, 'want someone to love me.' But that, I believe, was his real reason nevertheless. He wanted a friend. He wanted understanding, and sympathy, and philosophic comfort, and he sent to England for them." The book then is briefly Mr. Ackerley's experiences at the Court of "Chhokrapur," and for sheer entertainment, for sheer difference, it would be hard to beat. It is not a serious book. It is not a profound study of Indian moral attitudes. It does not seek to show where India is going and why. The author is not a politician. He is not a missionary. He is no bearer of a cold, but healthier light into dark places, so cosily "fuggy" left as

they are. He is just interested and amused by things-as-happen-to-be, and by people who justify whatever they do by liking to do it and being happy in the process. The Court of "Chhokrapur" was, for example, extremely Gilbertian in all its aspects. Its morality was certainly not the morality of the higher residential districts of Streatham. Happily, Mr. Ackerley realized that philosophically sexual morality is just a conception, and therefore nobody's business except those who conceive it. Consequently, the Maharajah is a most delightful sinner to meet. Everything about him so unexpected. Even to the birth of his son! As for his Court . . .! Take, for example, the account of how His Highness was expected by his relations to make a long pilgrimage to utter up prayers for their dead, and always the perfectly magnificent reasons he found for remaining at home at the last moment; and Mr. Ackerley's own difficulty of social progress between those who wouldn't be kissed by meat-eaters, and those who would not sit down with those who were not as they. He took it

(Continued on p. 19.)



"ATALANTA"

(By the late Sir Bertram MacKenna)

One of the many beautiful statuettes by the late Sir Bertram MacKenna, which are on view at the exhibition at the Fine Art Society Galleries in New Bond Street

MODERN GEOGRAPHY!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



American: I can't see Oldham marked on my map. Say, what State is it in?
Native: Well, I 'ear with this 'ere taxation it be in a 'ell of a state, zur!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

all most blandly, and this will probably give great offence to the Anglo-Indians whose unshakable feeling of being superior he draws in most amusing fashion. And yet he manages to tell us a lot about Indian customs, Indian points-of-view, without, thank heavens, ever flourishing the Western flag in the manner of signalling an SOS to come to the succour of the East. He is just interested, bewildered, and amused. And so are we. "Hindoo Holiday" will make ideal holidays for those who, reading it, do so with an open moral mind and prefer their humour dry, and their civilization not necessarily westernized before meeting with approval.

Victorian Pictures.

I suppose we are all amused by those who are not as we are. Even our forebears are gently patronized when they are not actually reviled. Even our grandchildren secretly pity us, finding our point-of-view amusing and ridiculous when we ourselves believe, on the other hand, that we have attained the complete wisdom of the grey-beard. It is very disconcerting—but of such is history. "Victorian Days and Ways" (Jarrolds. 18s.), by Mark Perugini, is very interesting, but most readers will regard it as amusing. It is illustrated by fifty drawings from "Punch" by du Maurier for the greater part. Of course bustles and poke-bonnets and whiskers and baggy-trousers are, *ipsos factos*, infinitely more ridiculous than hip-compressed skirts, hats like small saucers, tooth-brush moustaches, and super-baggy plus-fours giving on to pin-shaped legs. And who, viewing the fussy interiors of a Victorian drawing-room can help laughing—though we sit on a metal chair of hysterical design in a room decorated to look like a fairy queen's lavatory? No, the fact is that everybody who is not as we are is amusing. Even what they believe is wrong. The truth is always ours—even unto Dora. But, on the whole, I cannot believe that the Victorians had a very dull time. The dull were dull then just as they are to-day. The only difference being that years ago dullness was an aspect of virtue, whereas nowadays only vice has the dreariness of the condoned. It is much more fun to be wicked when a door may be slammed in your face than merely wicked to find your breakfast-table littered with invitations. And anyway, a horse took you down Regent Street in half the time required by a motor-bus. It was the belief in conventionality as a stepping-stone to Heaven which made the Victorian era seem so insufferably stuffy. But as for a good time, I expect they had as good a time as we believe we enjoy, only, of course, they had it in a different way. Mr. Perugini gives us some delightful pictures of this good time, whether it be dancing, racing, going to the theatre, social activity, or dressing-up. Of course, no generation can ever laugh at itself. It needs posterity to do that for them, and Victorian humour never rose very much higher than a practical joke. They were funniest of all

when they took themselves the more seriously. The social exclusiveness of Almack's, for instance. Heaven were far easier to enter. And the perpetual and ceaseless watch it was necessary to keep in case one might be considered "fast." Yes, undoubtedly the Victorian was an era of sublime hypocrisy, but it is a mistake to imagine that that era is over; you have only to look around. Otherwise, it was several eras lived in one reign. The "Yellow Book" period, for example, was as different from what I will call the crinoline-complex, as steel houses are from the Albert Hall. Yet both are Victorian if you date them from the Queen's reign. It was a marvellous era in many aspects. Most of its limitations have been outgrown, but some of its virtues would not come amiss to-day. At any rate, it is fascinating to compare it with our own post-War world. Mr. Perugini's book makes that comparison easy and as fascinating as you may wish to read. Remembering

much of the Victorian era myself, "Victorian Days and Ways" impresses the fact once again upon me that though to-day we have more liberty, we have far more restriction, and though we have many more entertainments, they are, for the most part, a mechanical, coldly calculated form, without that personal touch which gains spontaneous merriment, and all the simple joy knocked out of them. Only our Sundays are a little less dull; our working-week is infinitely more hedged-in.

Whither Shall We Worship?

"Traps for Unbelievers" (Desmond Harmsworth. 2s.), by Mary Butts is a good, if hardly a very accurate title. I thought at first that it would turn out to be a justification of the older faiths. As a matter of fact, instead of a book on faith, it is a book to prove that mankind has never worshipped anything but the transcendence of his own characteristics. That he is not returning to the Church, but going back further still, when men erected gods to those characteristics he most admired or feared. "Meanwhile, men have not changed. If Christianity satisfies them less, what about the gods who were there before it; whose understanding they have never lost, for they are the projections of themselves? It is not æstheticism which demands the restoration at Piccadilly Circus of Eros." Else-

where the writer suggests that the present wild adoration of the athlete, the millionaire, the film "star" is just this modern return to the old gods who were, so to speak, super-projections of human glory. It seems

rather a tame finish to a little book which contains a good many interesting suggestions and much clever writing. I am afraid that the modern tendency to belong to no Church at all, without being at the same time an atheist, goes deeper than this. It belongs to that inner experience which goes beyond anything which the churches have ever dared to go, hedged in as they are by the restrictions of thought and ritual, both of which are failing every day simply because they are man-imposed rather than by God.



SEYMOUR HICKS' "GAY ADVENTURE"

An impression of the famous actor, who, as Richard Darnton, a modern D'Artagnan, has found one of the best parts in the whole of his brilliant career. Walter Hackett's clever play, "The Gay Adventure," has been running at the Whitehall Theatre since December 23, 1931

WEDDING BELLS IN CO. LONGFORD



The Marriage of
Lord Dumfries to
Lady Eileen Forbes.
A Great Day for
Newtown Forbes



POOLE, DUBLIN
LADY JEAN BERTIE

A pleasant snapshot of the bridegroom's younger sister. On the right is the Abbot of Dunfermline, who was one of the eleven Church Dignitaries taking part in the Nuptial Mass. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Armagh conveyed the Pope's Blessing



POOLE, DUBLIN
THE RIGHT REV. SIR
DAVID HUNTER-BLAIR

POOLE, DUBLIN
PARENTS OF THE
BRIDEGROOM

The Marquess and Marchioness of Bute at Castle Forbes for the wedding of their eldest son, the Earl of Dumfries, to Lady Eileen Forbes



POOLE, DUBLIN
THE BRIDE'S MOTHER

The Countess of Granard was a very striking figure at the wedding of her younger daughter to Lord Bute's heir which took place last week at the village church of Newtown Forbes in County Longford. The whole neighbourhood was 'en fête and tremendous cheers greeted the young couple after the ceremony. Lord Dumfries wore full Highland kit and Lady Eileen Forbes in ivory satin, simply cut, looked admirable. Guests, many of whom had travelled from England specially for the occasion, afterwards gathered at Castle Forbes for the reception. Relatives of the bride and bridegroom were naturally present in force, among them Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, Lord Bute's only brother. He is the popular M.P. for the Northwich Division of Cheshire



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUMFRIES



POOLE, DUBLIN
LORD COLUM CRICHTON-STUART, M.P., WITH
MR. AND MRS. CONSTABLE AT THE RECEPTION



THE 12th LANCER TEAM IN CAIRO

The team which won the recent tournament played at Ghezireh, which is the big centre of polo racing and most sport in Cairo. The names, left to right, are: Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Hornby, Mr. F. G. B. Arkwright, Mr. G. J. Kidston, and Mr. A. M. Hornsbrugh-Porter. The 12th won the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham just before the War

NO book could have made a more opportune appearance than "Ponies and Women," by Colonel T. P. Melvill, D.S.O. (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.), for it comes out just at a moment when the polo game is starting its season and needing all the support it can get. As an antidote to depression I recommend "Shabash's" book to everyone, whether the person is fond of either or both of the things included in the title, or whether he is not, for the author has "a way with him," and that light touch which can deal with even the most delicate situation without, so to speak, flicking a feather off anyone. And there are one or two adventures in this book which need the hand of the conjuror! It is really an autobiography, and the only fault I have to find with it is that the author tells us far too little about his own very brilliant polo career. He was in those wonderful 17th Lancer and 17th/21st Lancer teams from 1913 onward till finally he left the regiment, after commanding it (both in War and in peace) to take up a staff job at A.H.Q. in India. He played No. 1 for England v. America in the disastrous 1924 expedition, and he is the only British officer who has ever organized and taken an Army team to Australia. India, England, America, Europe, and Australia are a pretty big record for anyone, and this is "Shabash" Melvill's. He went to Germany in 1911 for a couple of months as Instructor to the Frankfurt Polo Club, and in spite of that having been a moment when a lot of people believed that we were on the edge of a war with Germany, he had the time of his life, and was overwhelmed by the kindness and hospitality of his hosts. He got along so well and was so popular that during the War he received at the front four letters *via* Holland from some lady friends in Frankfurt telling him exactly what to do in the event of his being taken prisoner. As the author very rightly remarks: "Could there be greater friendliness than this?" And this, mark you, at a time when the "Hymn of Hate"—hove entirely at England—was one of the most popular ditties in the Vaterland! What strange twists war does give to things to be sure. Personally, I believe that the Germans would scrag anyone who even hummed that tune to-day, and just before and just after the War when I myself was in contact with our late enemies, I gathered an impression very different from the one which was generally conveyed during the 1914-18 period. "Shabash" Melvill only too obviously had what they would call in them parts *ein kolossal Erfolg* both with the ponies and the ladies! Germany never disliked us really; it was some of our friends she could not stand.

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

It was in Gib. when he was gazetted out of Sandhurst into the 24th (South Wales Borderers) that the future 17th Lancer No. 1 started to learn the polo game, but it was in India that his education took on a more serious form. He had the advantage of being there at the time when General Sir H. B. de B. De Lisle was "making" that quite peerless Durham Light Infantry team and at the same time incidentally, completely revolutionising polo. De Lisle brought about the renaissance in the game. Of him Colonel Melvill writes:—

With delight I saw them (D.L.I.) win the Inter-Regimental, defeating with ease all the best crack cavalry regiments. They owed their success entirely to De Lisle, who has been the only real captain and organizer of a military polo team during my career. After De Lisle I think John Vaughan of the 10th Hussars was best. I still look upon "Polo in India," First Edition, by De Lisle, as my Polo Bible, written though it was in the days of offside. His principles still apply although the rules are changed.

This is incontestably true as I should like to here and now corroborate, for I, too, had the privilege of seeing both these great polo "Generals" in action, and each at the time when his regiment was on the top of the heap. General De Lisle afterwards went to the cavalry and eventually commanded the Royals. "Shabash" Melvill went into the 24th, because it was his father's regiment. Teignmouth Melvill and Coghill were the heroes of Isandhlwana in the Zulu War when they endeavoured to save the Queen's colour and Melvill was granted a posthumous V.C., as also, was Coghill. The 24th was completely wiped out in that disaster. It was a great occasion for that young subaltern who joined the regiment at Gib. to see the identical colour which was carried by his father at Isandhlwana. There is not a single dull page in "Ponies and Women" and everyone who plays or has played polo and anyone who may intend to try to do it will, I think, devour it. Quite apart from its lighter side there is much practical advice upon the making of ponies and playing them, and no one could get advice from a better mentor. The one precept rubbed in all the time is "Patience and again patience"—and if he behaves like

(Continued on p. xii)



THE FERNIE HUNT PONY CLUB

A group of the young winners at the recent contest over a natural course at Houghton-on-the-Hill in drenching rain, which, however, damped no one's enthusiasm. The names, left to right, are: Georgina Wernher (Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's little girl), Noel Pegg (Meynell), David, and Michael West, and Peter Cruden (all Fernie), and behind, Lady Zia Wernher, who gave away the prizes, and Betty Kaye, another winner



By A. K. MACDONALD



By Appointment



A BIG-GAME SHOOT IN KENYA



A LION CUB CAUGHT ON THE HON. R. WARD'S SAFARI



THE HON. RODERICK AND MRS. WARD, CAPTAIN R. CROFTON AND A BIG TUSKER



THE RETURN FROM THE SAFARI: THE HON. R. AND MRS. WARD AND CAPTAIN CROFTON: WEIGHT OF IVORY, 258 LB.

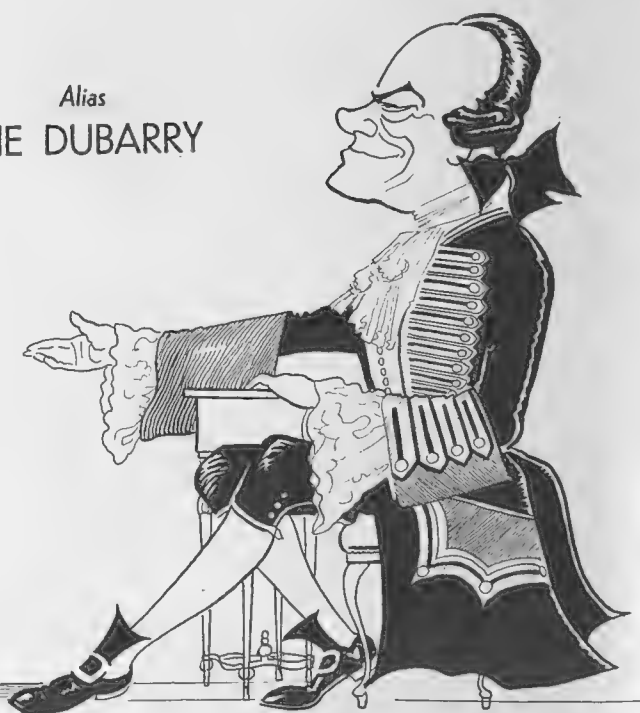
This interesting collection of big-game shooting snapshots was taken when the Hon. Roderick Ward, the Earl of Dudley's second son, bagged a warrantable bull-elephant. One tusk weighed 131 lb. and the other 127 lb.—good weight 258 lb. the two, though a long way off the record, which runs between 370 lb. and 380 lb. However, they are very good, all the same. The Hon. Roderick Ward has a station, Ol' Leleshwa, Thomson's Falls, Kenya, and his wife was Miss Eileen Hartigan, and is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Marcus Hartigan, of Umvoti, Byfleet, Surrey. Captain R. Crofton, M.C., is the famous white "Shikari" whose exploits as a big-game hunter are famous throughout all South Africa. Some people are bold enough to make pets of the big cats, but others would not—and wisely—trust them even when of a seemingly harmless age



ELIZABETH CROFTON AND A 15 MONTHS LIONESS CUB

"ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE"

By ALAN BOTT

Alias
THE DUBARRYCENSORS DON'T CARE: MADAME DUBARRY, AS SHE WASN'T,
MEETS THE COUNT IN A HOUSE OF ILL FAME

YOU will leave *The Dubarry* not much impressed by the reign of Louis XV., but haunted by Anny Ahlers. Her vitality is a gale, her temperament an electric wave-length, her histrionics almost a demoniac possession. Her only insufficiency is that she never becomes the Dubarry, but remains red-haired Anny Ahlers.

Concerning any musical comedy that glues itself together with history, two adjectives are most used in the clipped judgments of moderns. Connoisseurs of that sort of thing describe it as either "luscious" or "lousy." *The Dubarry* is luscious. It dresses splendidly, its Aubrey Hammond sets are pleasant, and a revolving stage permits quick changes of scenery between salon, garret, hat-shop, boudoir, brothel, royal ante-room, and palace garden.

This piece, however, claims to be an operette instead of a musical comedy. It therefore assumes rather closer contact with historical background than is expected from such tune-compounds as *The Vagabond King*, which made François Villon (that bloated petty swindler and rhyming genius) a High Constable of France who was given to chanting from balconies: "Only a rose—I love you."

The distinguished critic of the *Times* wrote of the new musical entertainment at His Majesty's that it had cast off seven-eighths of the burden of history. The proportion is not quite that. Nine short scenes are tacked on the career of the cook's daughter who staked her magnetic person here and there until she became favourite to an aging monarch; and four of the episodes, if divorced from their songs, possess as much background of known fact as is applied to many biographies in the modern manner.

Jeanne Bécu did work in Labille's hat-shop, and it is permissible to

suppose that the *roué* Dubarry first saw her there. She did take his name while living with him; he did provide a tutor in social usage and the French classics; and, since he was a known procurer and suspect as a card cheat, it is likely enough that he made her his accomplice. It

LOUIS XV. REJUVENATED
BY LAWRENCE ANDERSONHELEN HAYE AS MADAME LA MARRYSHARLE
DE FRANCE

is also definite that when she went to see Louis at Versailles, for supper and a performance which was to be for one night only, her stage management of charm and provocation made the association survive. The enmity of the Duc de Choiseul, as all-powerful minister, and his fall at Dubarry's instance, are likewise as well indicated as can be expected.

Another reconstruction that stays moderately faithful is the courtly period's attitude toward love as a merchandise. It is here presented as something simple, sensual and commercial. There is no introduction of the sentimental mush, involving rhymes about yearning and burning (though it is true that dreaming and gleaming are used in the tenor's song), whereby English musical comedies insist on demonstrating that courtesans are really quite nice girls after all, even as you and I.

Admittedly, the fiction and irrelevance are in bigger proportion than the fact. A young poet-lover and his garret enter

Anyway, the censor managed to pass this "daring" scene; and though it has no excuse from history, it will clearly be useful to the box-office. In point of fact it is neither sordid nor vicious nor resplendent, but unintentionally rather comic.

To me, the bare-legged ladies in very short shorts surmounted by very frail frills suggested trained sea-lions squatting around on tubs in circus or vaudeville. As for Jeanne's own dress for this episode, it is the least effective one in the show; it looks like something at a fancy-dress ball in the Hammersmith Palais de Danse.

If one of the lovely simperers who are usual as musical-comedy heroines had tried to carry off this scene, it might have seemed flat, or even ridiculous. As happens all through the evening, however, Anny Ahlers dominates her background, and, in despite of the fantastic brothel, she manages to grip attention with her acting of a bitter mood.

The magnetic temperature flowing from stage to audience rises, indeed, whenever she appears. Lacking much English, she has learned her lines largely by sound, and often speaks in monotone; yet her voice vibrates passion, mockery, or cajoling appeal.

(Continued on p. xxvi)



GA-GA: CHARLES HESLOP AS A VERY ODD MARQUIS, CLARICE HARDWICKE AS MARGOT THE STAGE-STRUCK

the spectacle, and are justified by superb singing from Heddle Nash. An old lady referred to as La Marrysharle de France is made to play a too-prominent part in offering the Dubarry to Louis XV. Six noblemen of France meet in Dubarry's dining-room to discuss gambling and their mistresses past and present. They chant a part-song, "Pretty Peacock Pantalettes," in which either Messieurs Edmund Willard and Charles Heslop, or else their companions, can be heard thus mentioning their King:

"When he says bonn jhoor
To la Pompadoo-er . . ."

The six noblemen then pass on to Madame Sauterelle's, a *maison tolérée* of a kind never yet portrayed on the English stage, or for that matter in real life. This slanders the Dubarry, it having been established by research that she did not include among her early adventures any association with a brothel, despite the libellous chansons circulated by the Duc de Choiseul's party:

En maison bonne,
Elle a pris des leçons,
Elle a pris des leçons;
En maison bonne,
Chez Goudan, chez Brisson;
Elle en sait long.

Le Roi s'écrie:
L'Ange, le beau talent!
L'Ange, le beau talent!
Viens sur mon trône,
Je veux te couronner,
Je veux te couronner.



INTERVAL IN A GARRET: ANNY AHLERS YEARNs WITH HEDDLE NASH



THE INFAMOUS MADAM: MARGARET YARDE PRESIDING OVER A MARKET IN FEMALES



SUPPER TIME

Captain J. F. Lewis, Lady Mary Grosvenor and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey countering that sinking feeling. Constance Duchess of Westminster and her husband brought a family party to the Ball from Castle Malwood Lodge

THE NEW FOREST HUNT BALL

Sir George Meyrick (below) has been in command of the New Forest Foxhounds since 1919. He was in his usual good form at the Hunt Ball, held according to custom at the Morant Hall, Brockenhurst



À DEUX

A supper-time snapshot of Mr. and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys. Mr. Jeffreys is the son of Lieut-General Sir George Jeffreys, the G.O.C. Southern Command in India



Mr. Morant and Miss Betty Morant feature at many New Forest gatherings. They are seen below with their mother, who married Sir Ralph Hare's brother en seconde nocces



CONSTANCE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER
AND SIR GEORGE MEYRICK, M.F.H.

MASS FORMATION

A group including Lord and Lady Congleton, Sq-Leader and Mrs. W. A. Coryton, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. B. Kitson, Miss Dudley-Ryder, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moore and Mr. John Dotteridge. Lord and Lady Congleton have a delightful home in the Forest as well as a house in Green Street. Mrs. Coryton was formerly Miss Philippa Hanbury, and comes from Hampshire. Her husband is a brother of Captain Coryton, of Pentillie Castle in Cornwall



LADY KATHLEEN HARE, MR. MORANT AND MISS MORANT

THAT JUMPING GAME



THE OLD SURREY 'CHASES: MISS BENITA HUME AND MRS. BARNATO



THE RUFFORD LADIES' 'CHASE
The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie (Singlecrag) and Lady Harrington, the winner, on Silicon (Howard Barrett)



ALSO AT THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW 'CHASES
LADY MARY PRATT, LADY BRECKNOCK, MISS ROSE BINGHAM AND LADY SCARSDALE (on wagon)



CAPTAIN AND MRS. WOOLF BARNATO
AND (centre) MR. JACK DUMFEE

Point-to-Pointing carries on into May in some parts, and with the falling still so nice and soft there is no reason whatever against its carrying on through June if it wants to, only everyone hopes that by then Mr. Buchan will have fired his last round in depressions. Lady Harrington rode the winner of the Rufford and Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race very well; and is the Master of the Harrington. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie will be better remembered Leicestershire way as Miss Rosemary Laycock, one of the two hard-riding sisters. The Old Surrey—called by some "Mr. Jorrock's Own"—run their hunt races over a very good natural 'chase course at Ardenrun, Mr. Woolf Barnato's property, and his house is just above and more or less a grand stand—and a most hospitable one. He has only just been married and is seen with his bride and Mr. Jack Dumfee, the racing motorist. Lady Mary Pratt is Lady Brecknock's daughter and the Earl of Camden's grand-daughter. A lot of people motored over to Ardenrun for these races, which were exceptionally well-run, thanks principally to Mr. Trevor Benson, brother of the senior Master of the O. S. and B., Mr. Douglas Benson, who is equally popular and most pains-taking



COMING TO WIMBLEDON: SEÑORITA LILI DE ALVAREZ d'Ors, Paris

The good news that Wimbledon is again to welcome Spain's lady lawn tennis champion has just been announced. It followed closely upon the announcement that Mrs. Wills Moody had now decided definitely to come over for this year's Wimbledon

TRÈS CHER,—If you want to see a really good *Revue* next time you are over here, please go to the *Folies Wagram*, that delightful little music-hall near the Étoile. Real French goods . . . even the "girls"! (We are obliged to call them "girls" in Paris whatever may be their nationality; *filles* having the somewhat special signification that denotes the inmates of the "Maison Tellier" . . . I take it that you know your Maupassant!) Wit and charm abound in this production. Charm, because Edmond Roze has staged the show and knows exactly where to plant his pretty ladies to best effect. Wit, because some of the cleverest writers in Paris have collaborated in this show that is merely intended to amuse. Charles Méré (whose translation of *King Lear* is now being played at the Odéon) provides the tragic element with a short sketch, *La Mort Rouge*, "inspired" from Edgar Allan Poe. Hughes Delorme and Valentin Tarault steer adroitly between the snags of what might be *double entente* (please do not put *entendre*, Mr. Printer!), but remains the lightest *libertinage*. Henri Falk and Jean Deyremon supply the farcical situations and Maurice Rostand rhymes the romantic meeting of Lamartine and Graziella in the sentimental setting of silv'ry moon and weeping willow. Harry Pilcer dances in this show and fools enchantingly with a bottle of champagne. I foresee that the box office will be hard put to it to supply enough stage box seats and front row stalls to the ladies who have a *penchant* for our delightful 'Arree. His manner of opening the bottle and passing round the glass is so demnably dashing and his genteel hiccoughs are extremely mirth-compelling. I chuckled over, and enjoyed, his interpretation of this drunken interlude (although I was only in the fifth row), but having a practical mind, I can't help wondering who has the cleaning of his dress suit after every performance.

The *Folies Wagram* is a theatre that is not yet sufficiently well known to English visitors to Paris, which is a pity, for it invariably supplies an excellent evening's entertainment.

Priscilla in Paris

It was there that Edmond Roze produced a remarkably well-staged translation of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel* and, before that, the exquisite little operetta, *Brummel*, of which the music is by Reynaldo Hahn. Last week this was twice broadcast by an English station, and I imagine that if it was produced in London, with Delysia in the rôle created by Marguerite Deval, it would have an immense success. Four records of *Brummel* (published by Odéon) have just been awarded the *Grand Prix du Disque* by a jury composed of eminent musicians and critics, amongst whom were Mme. Colette, Maurice Ravel, Emile Vuillermoz, and Jacques Copeau.

* * *

Lady Rothermere's dinner given in honour of Sir Malcolm Campbell at the Ritz on Tuesday evening was a highly successful affair and anything but "blue," despite its colour scheme. Although everything, from the birds and flowers that decorated the table to the champagne cocktails and the ices, tinted to match, was blue—blue—blue—the atmosphere of this party, that recalled the early and happiest days of the *Entente Cordiale*, was far more roseate than azur! None of the guests felt blue, no matter how they may have looked. After the toasts and speech-makings were shelved, some popular French performers entertained us. Marie Dubas, who is fast becoming the Yvette Guilbert of her generation, sang her gayest and naughtiest songs with all her inimitable *verve* and high spirits, and those wonderful dancers, two of whom you know so well in London, Roseray, Capella, and (a newcomer) Debelles, danced magnificently.

A few weeks ago I think I mentioned two new cookery books by Marcel Boulestin and A. H. Adair dealing with the several hundred odd methods of cooking hen-fruit and the humble spud. Seeking information the other day, I turned to page 14 in order to discover the exact manner in which to prepare that most delectable dish, "Eufs Cocotte." The first sentence runs thus: "It is advisable always to warm the little cocottes"! What I want to know, dear Marcel, is whether this is a recipe or *une déclaration de foi*, and, if the latter, how unlike you, darling!—With love, PRISCILLA.



"GEORGES" COMING BACK—THE SECOND IS IRENE BORDONI

A recent picture from New York, where Georges Carpentier is in training with a "come-back" in view. Dempsey, his conqueror, has some similar ideas, so it is said; but few "come-backs" ever get back, and there is before all the gladiators the menacing mountain, Carnera. He is at present, at any rate, the bottle-neck of the problem for all of them

FILMS, BRITISH AND OTHERWISE



JOAN BARRY—HERSELF AND HER STATUE

Miss Joan Barry, most charming of *ingénues*, has now made as big a success of things on the celluloid stage as she has on the real stage, and this picture of her and a stony representation was taken when she was playing in "The First Mrs. Fraser" film. Leo Carrillo plays the part of a very murky villain who is some kind of a "Czar" somewhere in Mexico. Of course he wants to marry the lovely Lolita (Lupe Velez), and equally of course she has other ideas—an American airman, whose machine crashes in her foster-father's back garden. Carrillo thinks a quick trick in shooting is the best way out, but he is (of course) defeated—and jailed! Margot Grahame's cabaret dance frock in "Illegal" is said to be the envy of all beholders. It is a Warner Bros. First National picture, and was made at the Teddington Studios.

LEO CARRILLO AND LUPE VELEZ
IN "THE BROKEN WING"

MARGOT GRAHAME—"DOROTHY" IN "ILLEGAL"

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD

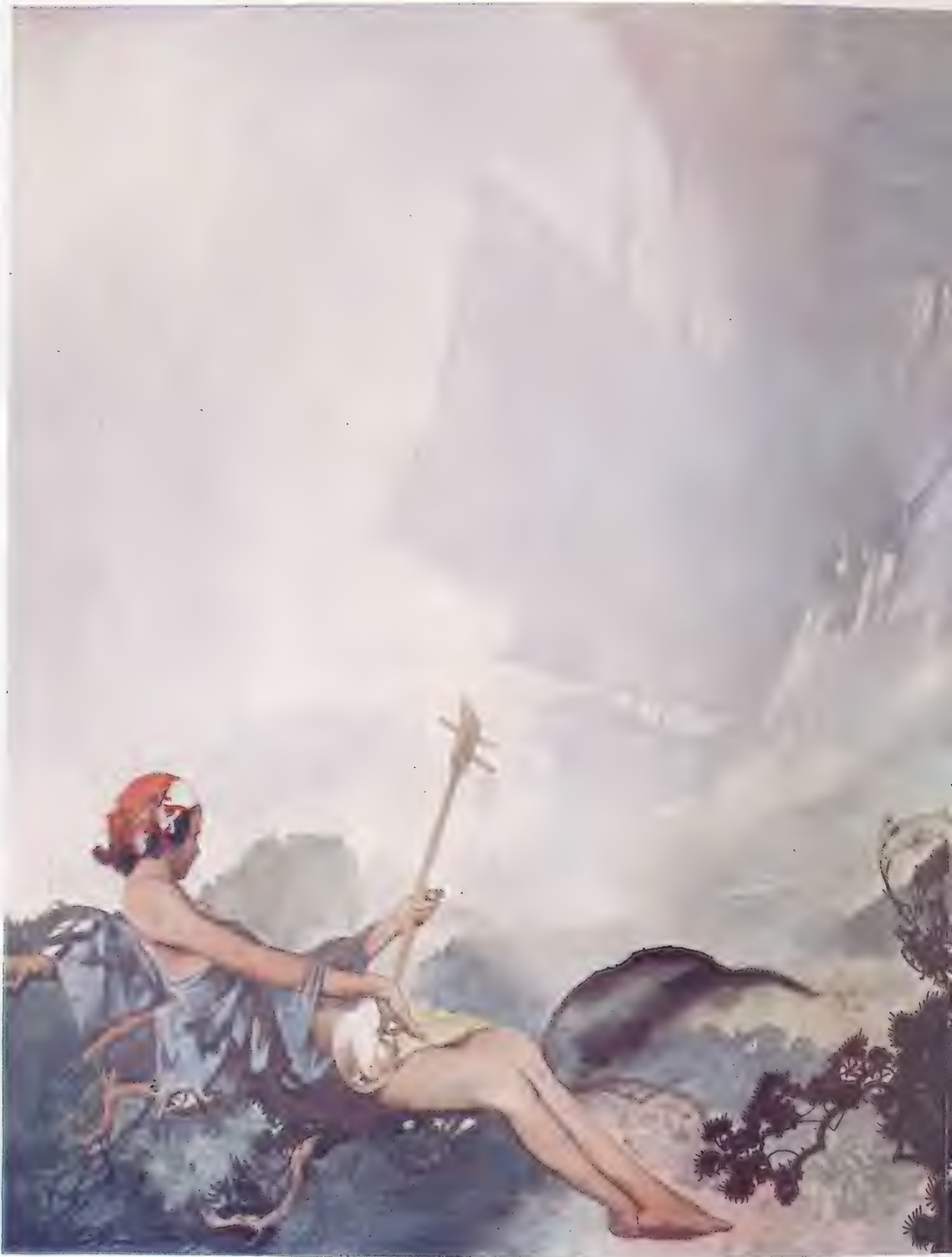


WHAT A LIFE!



THE COUPLE WHO PASSED RENO WITHOUT A DIVORCE

By H. M. BATEMAN



THE SONG OF

By CHARLES



THE SIREN
ROBINSON

THOSE WHITSUN BLUES!



Hat? Well, every nice
girl loves a sailor.



The bag? I'll
fish for one
of those new
Baby Shark
skin.



Stockings? . . . Not a moment's
pause! Aristoc of course . . . The
'Doe' is the shade for me. I adore the cling fit of Aristoc —
that's because they're all full-fashioned. 3 pairs at 8/11.
They'll last me for ages.

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MEET JOHN BUCHAN

The famous novelist M.P. and his family party at home at Elsfeld Manor, his house near Oxford



COLONEL BUCHAN, M.P. AND MRS. BUCHAN

BILLIE BUCHAN AND BROTHER ALASTAIR

Here are the happy results of a call by the camera at the country home of the Member for the Scottish Universities. Lieut.-Col. John Buchan, whose latest book, "Walter Scott," is having an enormous success, will himself appear as the great Scottish novelist in the Scott Centenary Border Celebrations, to be held later in the year. His wife is a cousin of Lord Ebury. Miss Anna Buchan, a recent guest at Elsfeld Manor, is John Buchan's sister. She has published many best-sellers under the pen-name of "O. Douglas." Miss Alice Buchan writes too, and is at the moment collaborating with her father in a play. Billie and Alastair, the younger sons of the house, are both at Eton



COLONEL BUCHAN'S SISTER, "O. DOUGLAS"

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE: MISS ALICE BUCHAN



MAJOR GEN. SIR GRANVILLE RYRIE, LADY NEWLAND AND ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE



LADY AMPHILL AND F.M. LORD ALLENBY



LADY STRADBROKE AND LORD AMPHILL, THE CHAIRMAN



LADY ALLENBY AND LORD STRADBROKE



LT.-GEN. SIR ALFRED CODRINGTON AND SIR GILBERT PARKER



LT.-COL. DAN BURGESS, V.C., AND COL. G. R. CODRINGTON

The most picturesque feature of the festival banquet of the Royal Society of St. George, held at the Connaught Rooms, was the arrival of the Baron of Beef under a Guard of Honour of men of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards in uniforms as worn by the infantry at the storming of Quebec in 1759—not 1659, as stated in some references to this event which have been published. No Guards battalion, incidentally, was included in Wolfe's Expeditionary Force. The Battle of Dunkirk, the real birthday of the 1st Guards, was fought on June 3rd, 1658. However, these little matters apart, the occasion was a very memorable one, and, as will be observed, the banquet was attended by many notable people. Lord Amphyll was in the chair and proposed the Loyal Toasts and "England"—in a most eloquent speech. Of others in this page, Sir Granville Ryrie is High Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Australia. Sir Sydney Fremantle is late Naval C.-in-C. Portsmouth; Lord Stradbroke commanded a Howitzer Brigade during the war; Sir Alfred Codrington is Colonel of the Coldstream, and Sir Gilbert Parker is the very distinguished traveller and author. Lt.-Col. Dan Burgess, V.C., D.S.O., who is with Colonel Geoffrey Codrington, Sir Alfred's son, is Resident Governor and Major of the Tower of London.

Photographs by Arthur Owen



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GRETA GARBO AS THE DANCER IN THE "GRAND HOTEL" FILM

It was inevitable that Vicki Baum's play "Grand Hotel" should be filmed, for it asked for it from the first moment it was produced. It was almost equally inevitable that the beautiful Swede should be selected to play a leading part in it. Greta Garbo, even though some of the critics were a bit lukewarm about her performance in "The Rise of Helga," based on the book by David Graham Phillips, is unchallengeable as one of the best actresses on the contemporary film

A YOUNG reporter on a country paper knew a little French, and always liked to air it whenever possible. He was sent to a wedding, and, for some reason, mentioned that the bride "looked *au fait*." His pride evaporated, however, the next day, when he saw in the paper, thanks to an equally intelligent compositor, that "the bride looked *all feet*!"

"How does it happen," asked the teacher of the new scholar, "that your name is Allen, and your mother's name is Brown?"

"Well," replied the boy, after a moment's thought, "you see, it's this way: she married again and I didn't."

The head warder had been out all day after some lunatics who had escaped from the asylum. He went to report to the Superintendent.

"We got them all, Sir," he said with pride.

"All five of them? That's very good indeed," said the Superintendent.

The warder looked startled. "F-five, Sir?" he gasped. "We got fourteen!"

It was really the maid's afternoon off, but owing to a sudden rush of visitors the mistress of the house was trying to persuade her to forego the holiday until another day.

"Cook tells me that you wish to go out with a friend," said the mistress. "Is it urgent?"

The girl looked pained.

"Of course it isn't 'er gent," she replied. "it's my gent."



d'Ors, Paris

ALANOVA'S RETURN

Alanova, who is all-British, and in her private capacity Alice Allan, comes back to us in London to-day, May 4th, and on the 6th, in a special entertainment at the Savoy Theatre, in one number of which she will "express" the life of Joan of Arc. Alanova has been taking Vienna quite off its legs just recently by her exquisite artistry

"So you told Mrs. Brown, did you? And what did Mrs. Brown say?" defending counsel asked the witness.

The opposing counsel objected to the question as irrelevant, and a long and heated argument took place between the two lawyers. At last the judge intervened and allowed the question to be put.

"Now," exclaimed the triumphant counsel, turning again to the witness, "what did Mrs. Brown say?"

"Nothin'," was the reply.

The employer was reading through his typist's letters before signing them. "By the way, Miss Smith," he said, "I see that you have spelt 'received' with 'ei' in one letter and 'ie' in another."

"I'm sorry, Sir," the girl apologised, "one of them was a slip."

"Well, you'd better correct it before you send the letter."

"Yes, Sir—by the way, which one shall I correct?"

"Why—er—why, the one that's wrong, of course," stammered her employer.

Jackie was going to his first party, and his mother was giving him a few last-minute reminders just before he left.

"Now, dear," she said, "if they offer you a second piece of cake, you must say 'No, thank you, I've had plenty,' and don't you forget it."

The meal went off very happily, till, as his mother had predicted, Jackie was offered a second piece of cake. To his hostess' astonishment he answered:

"No, thanks, I've had enough, and don't you forget it."

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AT SANDOWN: SIR EDMUND FINDLAY
AND MISS JEAN DAVIDSON

Sir Edmund Findlay hates being "shot," but he flew into it this time. He owns the "Scotsman" and is known to his intimates as "Buster." Miss Davidson is engaged to Mr. Charles Blackett, the Bays, Sir Hugh Blackett's son and heir. They are to have an October wedding, so it is said

AN intelligent student of equitation—a very complicated science—who lives at Eastbourne, and used to be in one of the dressiest Indian cavalry regiments—their full-dress kit being the same colour as the Berkeley and O.B.H. coats—writes me the following interesting letter, which contains a conundrum and (I think) a leg-haul. He says: "'Dum spiro apprehendo' is a good motto, but I was rather surprised when I heard an examiner in horsemanship cursing examinees because they rode with both hands on the rein, and in bridling a horse put the reins over his head first and then put the bridle on. Perhaps in 'Pictures in the Fire' you will tell us what is correct. So many of the young are now taking to riding that these questions should be of general interest. It is strange how many children ride with reins too short and stirrups the same, and riding-masters take no notice."

Of course, these questions should be of "general interest"; but what a thing to ask anyone! However, at the risk of having all the Gambados on my tail, here goes. As to (1) two hands or one hand, it seems to be all a question of how safe you feel, and whether you have ever heard of a thing called (appropriately) a "monkey-strap"—it is a strong bit of leather buckled on to the front D's of the saddle and very popular with some riders of buck-jumpers. If you have one of these things on your saddle you can safely let go of the reins with one hand, provided you take a strong grip of the monkey-strap with the other. So long as you don't let go, you can go as high in the air as you like, or even over his head or his tail. To hold the reins in one hand and hail a cab with the other, looks very ugly, and also is not as efficacious as using one arm for balancing purposes when fencing. If you had three hands instead of only two, it would not be too many—and a running martingale on a very shifty one who would go into any rabbit hole which might be handy instead of in the direction you desire, is often as good as a third hand. (2) Bridling: I think it is obvious that it is better to try to put the reins over his head in preference to over his tail, unless you can find anyone silly enough to hold up one of his hind legs for you. There is one additional reason why "reins first" should be your rule: supposing he goes up on end or stamps on them, it may end up in the bridle, bits and all, going on the would-be rider instead of on the horse. I'm all for safety first myself. (3) Short reins and short stirrups: just as devastating in the long run as short drinks and long cigars! Unless you are an

Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE"

expert at hanging on by the spurs or "hooks," I do not recommend your taking any unnecessary risks.

The author of "Warrior" (Hutchinson), Lieut.-Col. Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C., says he likes war! He must be a reincarnation of "The Minstrel Boy," about whom I seem to have read "... to the war has gone," and then—if I'm right—it said: "whence all but he had fled." However, let that pass—I may be mistaken! Anyway, this boy did go off to some war or other, and being a careful, calculating sort of chap took a harp with him. Few people who go to war are as far-seeing as all this, and I suppose it is because they expect that they will get a harp free gratis and for nothing in the end. But Colonel Seton Hutchison, I can see, really did enjoy this scrap of which he has written so well, both in this book, in "Footslogger" and in "the 'W' Plan,"

the last one of the best yarns of the work Military Intelligence has to do that I have ever struck. There are many people who are fond of fighting for fighting's sake, just for the danger and the petrifying excitement of it, but I have never been able to believe that taking war by and large anyone ever hankers after it. The lure of adventure is a tremendous magnet to many, and the bump of combativeness a well-known fact. There are two things above all others, however, which take the gilt—if any—off the ginger-bread—the stench of war, and the noise of war. Modern war is supposed to be run more hygienically than less modern war, but try as they may, no one can eliminate the dreadful thing about which I speak, any more than he can eliminate the noise. The rest of the things appurtenant to mortal combat are borne as being all in the game. If you are doing something—that is, getting a move on—you are never as conscious of the kind of danger in which you are as when you are sitting still waiting for things to happen. It is far

[Continued on p. 2]



Howard Barrett

LADY DORIS CHILDE

An end of the season snapshot with the Rufford in the Dukeries. Lady Doris Childe is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle and the wife of Mr. Frederic Baldwin Childe



SHIVERY SANDOWN: MISS ROSEMARY
EARLE AND THE HON. EVELEIGH LEITH

Furs look like carrying-on till they have ceased sending all the depressions no one else wants to Merrie England. The Hon. Eveleigh Leith is Lord Burgh's only sister and Miss Earle is her cousin

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AT BROOKLANDS

Mr. George Lowdell and Captain H. Duncan Davies, who is head of the Brooklands School of Flying, and was a pupil of the late Mr. S. F. Cody in 1910

Appearances.

AMONG women and aeroplanes, superfluous flesh has gone the way of all flesh, and the ideal is the sleek, the slim, and the *soignée*—especially the *soignée*. This is a wash-and-polish era in which everyone must present a thoroughly leathered appearance. Parts of the female body which our ancestors forgot about are cherished as carefully as that physiological radiator, the face. Toe-nails are anointed, polished, and stained, and heels made up with rouge to emphasise the delicious incurve from the *os calcis* to the metatarsus. Time was when the rebellious tendril of hair inspired poets to poetry and novelists to novels. But now the knell of the Little Nells has sounded, the hispid is held in abhorrence, and no malady is more dreaded than hypertrichosis. Curls and pearls may still be rhymed in popular songs; but it is understood that the curls must be strictly mathematical. Almost all modern tendencies are put down to the influence of machinery, and perhaps this may be, too. Perhaps the machines have made woman in their own likeness.

The Sign of the Machine.

Certainly the sign of an efficient machine is that it shall be *soignée*. It must be free from extraneous decorations; and it must be scrupulously neat. Appearances are descriptive, and the aircraft that is well kept, from airscrew boss to tail skid, will be a safe and efficient aircraft. Even performance departs from the machine that is neglected; and soggy wings will ruin both rate of climb and speed. In cleaning and polishing a machine the cleaner notices faults in the earliest stages, before they have time to develop and to become serious; and the possibility of any defect reaching the dangerous stage unobserved is eliminated. There is every need, therefore, for encouraging those who take pains to keep their aircraft well; and that is why *The Tatler* has presented a special Trophy for a Concours d'Élégance for closed-cabin aeroplanes to be held at Brooklands on the occasion of the meeting on the 27th and 28th May. Hitherto relatively insignificant prizes have been offered for this kind of competition; but this year *The Tatler* will be giving a prize valued at twenty guineas.

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

The event will be known as *The Tatler Concours d'Élégance* for closed-cabin aircraft, and full particulars may be had from the Brooklands School of Flying. It is believed that some particularly fine cabin machines will be entered.

Pigeon v. Pilot.

One of the most interesting little competitions that has been held for some time was the Pigeon v. Pilot race held by the Norwich Club recently. The idea was to start a pilot in an aeroplane and a homing pigeon from the same point and under approximately the same conditions, and to see which reached home first. The aeroplane had neither compass nor map, and was flown by Squadron-Leader C. A. Rea, chief test pilot of Boulton and Paul, and one of the most experienced pilots flying to-day.

Squadron-Leader Rea was taken in a closed car, with the blinds drawn, to a point about seventy miles from the home aerodrome, where there was a field, and in it an Avro Avian with Cirrus engine. Twelve pigeons were also taken to this field, and were given a fifteen minutes' start. The pigeons set off at once on the right route, flying very low. Squadron-Leader Rea was not allowed to see the direction they took. He had the assistance of the sun, and for the rest he had to rely upon his knowledge of the country, his "homing instinct." Fortunately, with Squadron-Leader Rea that instinct is strong—or, in other words, he knows almost every inch of the ground for miles round Norwich, and he arrived back about fifteen minutes ahead of the first pigeon. He guessed the compass bearings from the sun, and, after flying a short time, picked up Duxford, from where he knew the way back.

Finding the Way.

Had the pilot been less experienced than Squadron-Leader Rea, the result would almost certainly have been different. And had there been no sun and low clouds and rain, it is just possible that Squadron-Leader Rea would have taken longer to find the way back; for when there is no sun there is no known substitute for the compass.

Another contest that will direct attention to the cross-country side of flying is that which will be held at Heston on 21st May. Entrants for this race now include Sir Kenneth Crossley, Lady Bailey, Miss Winifred Spooner, Miss Sale-Barker, Major Shaw, Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge junr., the Hon. Masanji Hachisuka of the Japanese Embassy, Flying-Officer H. Bailey, and Miss Rosalind Norman.

(Continued on p. xxvi)



AT THE KANDAHAR CLUB DINNER

Mr. Arnold Lunn, Lady Jean Mackintosh and Lady Mabel Lunn, at the ski-ing dinner, which was held at Quaglino's recently. Lady Mabel Lunn is a sister of Lord Iddesleigh and she and Mr. Arnold Lunn, her husband, have a house in the Grindelwald



Arthur Owen

AND ALSO MISS ESMÉ MACKINNON, MISS SALE-BARKER AND MR. CHARLES OAKLEY

Miss Esmé Mackinnon is the lady Skiing Champion of Europe, and Miss Sale-Barker is a keen flier and also a dual winner of the Ladies' Arlberg-Kandahar Ski Race

A Sane Lunch Party

(Many Guinness Times removed from Lewis Carroll)



"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you'd only have to whisper a hint to him, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! One o'clock—

GUINNESS TIME

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper, "I'm simply longing for a Guinness.")

G.E. 171. B.

A backless foundation for evening, which delicately outlines the figure whilst supporting the hips and diaphragm, and device at the back to ensure a smooth, even the most generously endowed new closely moulded.

KESTON DÉCOLLETÉ



"Blood had oozed
from it—was still
oozing"

MUTINY MAGIC

By REX REYD

"I tell you the a'jeetant Sahib shall not be bothered with your insignificant affairs—get out!"

The quavering voice was now shrill.

"Let me but see the Sahib! I tell you that since the days of the Mutiny I have received this money!"

"The Mutiny?" Kershaw pricked up his ears.

The fort at Neemadabad had, he knew, figured prominently in the Mutiny; the garrison of those days had been through a terrible time; their women and children had had to be sent several hundred miles away across the plains, their safety entrusted to one of the very few local chiefs who had remained loyal—and the British garrison, together with a few staunch Indians, had been besieged in the fort for many months. But that was seventy odd years ago. Indian women, maturing early, were old at forty—very, very, old at sixty, and there could be very few indeed now alive who had lived through that ghastly time. If the owner of the voice had—as she said—been alive then, she must be a great age.

Kershaw put down his pen and strode out.

A poor old woman, bent nearly double, was being literally shooed off the veranda. She was obviously of a great age; there was also an indefinable air of dignity about her and her clothes were clean.

Catching sight of Kershaw she made a deep obeisance.

"Protector of the Poor, I am not asking for charity. The money is mine by right of custom. The soldiers of the Raj have always given it; if they now withhold it, how can I buy bread?"

"It is all right, Sahib," hurriedly interposed the Indian officer, "I will have this woman dealt with. It is not meet that she should worry you with her paltry concerns."

Kershaw sensed that the Indian officer was not best pleased at his interference; the old woman was a Muhammadan, and she seemed to have some grievance against the troops, who were Hindus; it was quite likely that they were subjecting her to some form of petty tyranny. Kershaw felt it might be wiser for him to deal with the matter himself.

"Come into my office," he said kindly, "and tell me your trouble."

"Sahib, before the days of the great avalanche, my family fought with the Sahibs and in the dark hours of the Mutiny, my people were faithful to the British Raj. My father—may Allah rest his soul—was killed when yonder fort was besieged, and he was buried in Sirkari ground within the fort."

She paused.

"Your family did well. But what is your trouble?"

"I will tell you, Sahib. I was but a little one in those dark days, but often I have heard my mother recount what occurred.

(Continued overleaf)

It was early November and the weather was still uncomfortably hot on the plains of Central India. Would the hot weather never end?

The heat and glare outside the adjutant's office seemed hardly to have diminished since September and the men—British and Indian alike—were feeling the strain.

Kershaw, hot and overtired, found it difficult to concentrate; some woman on the veranda outside seemed to have a grievance and, try as he would to focus his attention, her quavering voice intruded with its maddening monotony.

It was no good! Kershaw turned to the waiting Indian officer.

"That is all for to-day, Jemadar Sahib. You have permission to go."

"Salaam, Sahib!"

"Salaam!—oh! and tell the orderly that I wish quiet maintained on the veranda."

"Very good, Sahib!"

The voice without became more insistent and the Indian officer could be heard arguing with her.

Mutiny Magic—continued from p. 219

"My father was shot while mounting guard on one of the bastions of the fort, and the General Sahib promised that he should have a Sirkari burial, but my father's comrades of the Faith wished that he should have a burial befitting a true follower of the Prophet. It was, they said, not meet that the cost should be borne by infidels—the Sahib will understand—so the men who mounted guard at the funeral—all of them my father's comrades-in-arms—begged that they might pay the funeral expenses. If the General Sahib would but agree, they would repay the cost when next the noble Sirkar made payment to them of their wages.

"The siege, as the sahib knows, lasted several months, and even after all was quiet, many moons waned before the General Sahib received money with which to pay the troops. By then, most of the men who had promised to pay for my father's burial were no longer in the fort, so it was settled that the first men to mount guard after pay had been distributed should share the expense. Since that day, Sahib, each man of the first guard to mount duty in the fort after pay has been distributed, has given one pie out of every rupee paid to him by the beneficent Government, that my father's grave may be tended and kept spotless, as befits the resting place of a soldier of the Raj. First was the money paid to my mother, but for more years than the Sahib has lived, has the money been paid to me. It has always been paid voluntarily; the soldiers know it is my due."

"And have the troops now ceased to pay you this money? Is that your trouble?"

"Yes, Sahib." She paused.

"I must have the money, Sahib! Is not the anniversary of my father's death at hand? the day when his spirit returns to remind unbelievers of the terrible happening of those days? It were a shameful matter were there not an abundance of flowers upon his grave on that day. I ask not for charity, Sahib; the money is mine by right of custom."

"Maybe, but I don't see how I can make the troops pay you. However, here is a rupee, take it. I will, myself, make inquiries and see what can be done for you."

The old woman acknowledged the money with a deep salaam and then shuffled out.

On his way from the lines to his bungalow, Kershaw had to pass the fort; it was still in tolerably good repair, but was no longer used for military purposes. A guard was, however, still furnished by the garrison, as the fort was used as a government storehouse and as a safe deposit for government money. It was the men of this guard who had refused payment to the old woman of the pittance out of their pay, to which she considered herself entitled.

Kershaw stopped his car. Better see to the matter now—late as it was—and anyway, as orderly officer of the week, he'd have to turn out the guard sometime. There was no time like the present.

He left the car outside the fort and crossed the drawbridge on foot.

After turning out the guard, Kershaw asked the guard commander if he knew anything of the old woman who tended the graves.

"But certainly, Sahib, she has been ill, but I am told she came yesterday to tend the graves."

"She came to my office this morning. She seems to have a grouse."

The Havildar looked uncomfortable.

"She complained that she had not received her money. I did but hear of the matter to-day. The Sahib should not have been troubled. She shall be paid when next she comes. I, myself, will see to it."

"Oh—ho! But I thought the men objected to paying her?"

"That was a shameful matter, Sahib; the money must of course be paid. Was it not paid by the regiment before us and by the regiment before that, and has it not been paid for more years than we can count? Who are we that we should discontinue the good custom?"

"How came it, then, that she was refused the money?"

"The money has always been paid, as is the custom, but this month the old woman was ill on the day that the troops were paid so she did not come for her money.

When yesterday she came the men of the guard refused payment as they were not the men who had mounted guard at the commencement of the month. It is a shameful matter, Sahib, and would bring discredit on the regiment were she not paid. She deserves her money, too—has not the Sahib seen how well tended is her father's grave?"

"Where is it?"

"Over yonder. There are but four graves within the fort and the other three tombs are those of Sahibs. Will not your honour come and look?"

The fort was built in a square with a bastion at each corner, the centre space forming a courtyard. A huge banyan tree grew in the middle of the courtyard and in its shade were three elaborate tombs. About ten yards away but still shaded by the branches, was another grave, unpretentious in design, but strikingly clean and white.

Kershaw went over to look at it.

A clean, white cloth was stretched over the newly white-washed mound and, on the marble slab at the head of the grave was hung a fresh garland of bright marigolds. Under the flowers was an inscription. Kershaw looked closer and was able to decipher:—

Sepoy Nur Muhammed

Killed, November 9, 1857

Odd, November 9! It was, then, seventy-four years ago exactly that the old woman's father had lost his life in defence of this fort! Odd, indeed, that he should come on the very anniversary! It seemed to bring the event so much closer. What had the old woman said?

"The day when my father's spirit returns."

A weird feeling crept up Kershaw's spine. Ridiculous nonsense!

The Havildar was speaking.

"They say that he was killed while guarding the southern bastion yonder,

(Continued on p. xvii)



AT THE ITALIAN BALL: BARON GECMEN WALDECK, THE HON. MRS. DAVID TENNANT, AND MR. FELIX HARBORD

The Italian Ball at the Savoy was a big success, both financially and otherwise, and was in aid of the Italian Benevolent Society. The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant in her stage entity is that clever actress, Miss Hermione Baddeley



GENERAL AND THE HON. MRS. J. E. B. SEELY AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT 'CHASES

General Seely, whose seat is Mottestone Manor, Isle of Wight, has been Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire since 1918. His distinguished fighting record, of course, is well known. The Hon. Mrs. Seely is a sister of the present Lord Elibank



AT THE END OF THE RUN

when the moment arrives to rest and reflect in peace on the glories of the drive,
the fitting hospitality most in tune with the mood of driver and passengers alike is—

AS ALWAYS — HAIG



LORD MARSHALL AND LADY WIMBORNE

Arthur Owen

At the reception at Wimborne House last week in connection with the League of Mercy. The meeting was in connection with the midnight film performance of "Lily Christine" at the Plaza, on April 28, in aid of the League of Mercy, of which Lady Furness was the President

Down and Out.

TAKE note that I am not only a felon, but a deliberate malefactor. In spite of the findings of some of His Majesty's Justices, I did, this day, wilfully, naughtily, wantonly, and maliciously, take down to the offices of this esteemed TATLER newspaper, one manuscript, to wit, that which you now see before you. I got through all right, for thanks to a side issue, the traffic policeman in Trafalgar Square never saw my burning blush. It is a dreadful thing to be a law-breaker, and to support that crushing sense of guilt. Nor was my case much bettered when, having done the abominable deed, I wandered round the corner for a breath of refreshing air—having noted that "they" had just opened. For in the corner of a little alley-way there sat a man of the Neville St. Clair type with a guitar, and he loudly invited my attention to a chant, which, to the best of my recollection, ran as follows, but I can only remember the first couple of verses. The tune was almost detestably familiar:

Oh hearken, and list to my ditty!
I'm one of the latest banditti;
For one of my cars
Took a box of cigars
From Bond Street right down to the City.
The policeman he said, "You're a jewel!
Your licence is due for renewal!"
And how my heart sank,
When he looked in my tank—
And charged me with carrying fuel!

[There was a lot more, but this will suffice.]

This was, as you may imagine, deeply distressing; so I walked on, heavily pondering these sanguinary matters. Thus I passed one magnificent temple of automobilism, and then (fearing to "interrupt the movement of these ladies") another, and I felt that here was solid evidence that these enormities could not be. Surely these great organizations would see to it that I, a humble motorist, was allowed to take a box of chocolates home to my wife in the car! But the great ferro-concrete brows of their buildings seemed fixed in a resolute frown. I got some solace from an evening paper, which told me that one at least of these gigantic establishments was considering what it was going to do about it. There was to be a committee meeting, or something like that. And I am sorry to say that that news cast me down. For I am a convinced believer in the copy-book, and "prevention is better than cure" is not such a bad motto

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

after all. Why did not these bodies, who represent the motoring public in its every aspect, see to it that absurd and never-intended solecisms were taken out of the bill long ere it got on to the statute book. What a commentary upon modern life is the law! Some poor wight is fined £10 for selling half a bottle of whisky instead of a quart; the President of the Board of Trade cannot legitimately take his seat in the House of Commons without a special enactment, and a luckless mutt loses his licence for a year because he gave a friendly tow to a breakdown. What a life! It is my convinced belief that Acts of Parliament are drawn up by the same clerks who design Income Tax forms, so that none but their own kindred can possibly tell what they mean. Where, oh, where, are our well-nourished watch-dogs—if any?

Genuine Goer.

Once upon a time I was to be numbered amongst those foolish people who supposed that when the utterly idiot-proof and skill-eliminating gear-box came along, it would take some of the joy out of motoring. Perhaps I rather fancied myself in the rôle of one who was faced with certain problems that the car-manufacturer had given him, and rejoiced in his ability to overcome them. A silly situation, really, but I thought myself happy in it, not knowing any better. It was, of course, an Armstrong-Siddeley, upon which I have done thousands and thousands of joyous miles, that converted me to a gospel of plain common sense. Not, if you please, because the pre-selective box makes gear-changing so absurdly easy, but rather because it makes the whole business so much more efficient. This thing saves many seconds when seconds, as in traffic negotiations for example, are apt to be very valuable. Mrs. P. V. has often accused me of undue thrusting. "Last to go into the traffic block and amongst the first to come out of it," she has said almost reproachfully. But that was not my fault. How could I refuse to take advantage of a gear that let me at all times have the most that could be got from my engine, and that yielded a nice steady pressure in the spine, instead of the waits and the pauses that come from double-clutching and all that sort of prehistoric nonsense. Naturally I fell in love with the easy, silent, effortless change; but it was the "performance" benefit that applied the seal. And so I wondered why this gear had not been adopted by makers of sporting-cars. Were I one of them I should have gone hot-headed for it, knowing well

(Continued on p. xxiv)



Arthur Owen

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY MEETING AT WIMBORNE HOUSE

Lady Wimborne lent Wimborne House for a meeting in connection with the League of Mercy. In this group, left to right, are: Mrs. F. Thompson, Mrs. Albert Van den Berg, Viscountess Furness, Lady Cunard, Lady Portarlington, Lady Milford Haven, and Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



MAY, 1932

1st to 10th Inclusive.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1st MAY DAY | 6th Racing. Kempton Park, Ripon and Down Royal (Maze) Meetings. Wenlock Steeplechases. |
| 2nd Show. Royal Academy opens.
Polo. Season opens. Fortnightly Cup (Ranelagh).
Tennis. Amateur Champ. Final (Queen's Club).
Racing. United Hunts, Pershore and Market Rasen Steeplechases.
Cricket. All India v. The Army (Aldershot). | 7th Polo. Whitney Cup begins (Roehampton).
Racing. Kempton Park, Ripon and Down Royal (Maze) Meetings. Stratford-on-Avon and Sedgefield Steeplechases.
Motoring. Kent and Sussex Speed Trials (Lewes). Middlesex County A.C. Speed Judging Competition.
Athletics. Road Walking Association — 20 mile National Championship (Birmingham). Tipton Harriers Sports (Tipton). |
| 3rd Racing. Chester Meeting. Pershore, United Border Hunt and Louth Hunt Steeplechases. | 9th Polo. Colts' Cup (Ranelagh).
Racing. Uttoxeter and Wye Steeplechases.
Golf. Dunlop Professional Tournament, Southport. |
| 4th Show. Royal Dublin Soc. Spring Agricultural Show.
Racing. Chester and Powerstown Park Meetings. Folkestone and United Border Hunt (Kelso) Stplchses.
Tennis. Open Tournament, Harrogate.
Cricket. All India v. Sussex (Brighton). | 10th Shows. Terrier and Ladies' Kennel Club (Olympia).
Racing. Newmarket Meeting. Uttoxeter Steeplechases. |
| 5th Racing. Chester and Powerstown Park Meetings. Folkestone Steeplechases.
Show. Dog Show (Bath). | |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

WASH-OUT was a terribly truthful term the other day, when London staged a very good imitation of a cloudburst for the benefit of the second day at Ranelagh. Such were the floods, delightful for ducks only, that when all but a few of the competitors in the International scoring meeting had struggled round, the committee declared the course unplayable and all scores already returned null and void. Such being the case perhaps, strictly speaking, they should not be written about. But they *were* done; a brilliant 67 gross from Lady Alness, who came home in 31 in spite of three putts at the 10th; 71 from Miss Diana Fishwick, to follow up her 66 of the day before, and a whole host of other cards round about there. In particular it was hard lines on Miss Isabella Rieben, the youngest International playing, who not only did better than her famous mother but whose 74 was the best score of any Welsh International either day. These were facts, recorded in hard figures, duly marked, checked, and all the rest of it.

Technically they may not exist but they were nonetheless brilliant for all that. Then there were two good scores in the making, in the very worst of the cloudburst, as if to prove that the course was not really unplayable after all, even if you did have to float your ball into the hole. Mrs. Alec Gold had started off 3.3.2. or something totally absurd and inspired, better even than the start of her 31 out the day before; Miss Molly Gourlay had got out in 33, playing just as perfect golf as ever in all her life. A little hard, certainly, to be then recalled willy-nilly to the clubhouse.

Naturally, any other date for a replay was beyond the wit of man or the L.G.U. to find, so to bestow the prizes intended for the second day's play on the third and fourth places in the first day, and and to withhold the International Cup and Kitcat Medal was, technically, the only thing to be done. But it did not stop much sympathy with the second-day heroines, including Mrs. T. A. Torrance, who followed up her 65 net of the first day with a 66 net the second. A fig for those who prophesied that a 12 handicap would never see the 60's two days running.

Weather was in kinder mood the next day for the "Britannia and Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes over the two courses at St. George's Hill. The poetical said that the sun was shining a welcome to Miss Joyce Wethered on her return to competition golf, even if the shower in the middle of the proceedings were a very few wet tears over her partner's misdeemeanours and her own indifferent putting.

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

Yet, notwithstanding these things, and the general impression that our greatest golfer was not doing herself justice, she and Mrs. Bell actually tied for second scratch aggregate place with Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Jean Hamilton! It seems to show that even Miss Wethered's indifferent rounds are better than most people's best. The pair that was beyond dispute at the top of their form that morning was Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Clarke, an untried combination up to that moment, but one that ought to be oft repeated by the look of things.

Seventy gross was their amazing total for the New Course, the short holes, which mostly fell to Mrs. Garon's share, being largely responsible for this exalted excellence. Mrs. Clarke's length and Mrs. Garon's accuracy were the perfect complement of each other; they ought to make some couple of mere men tremble with a half to give them at Stoke Poges in the Ladies v. Men match. Such a morning round was almost terrifying to live up to in the afternoon, even if the old course was accounted

(Continued on p. 22)



ANOTHER GREAT EIGHT: THE TEAM CHOSEN BY THE LADIES' GOLF UNION TO DO BATTLE FOR GREAT BRITAIN AGAINST AMERICA ON MAY 21

At the back (left to right)—Miss Doris Park, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Joyce Wethered (captain), and Miss Enid Wilson. In front—Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Wanda Morgan, and Miss Elsie Corlett. A view of Wentworth, where this International (the first of its kind) is to be played, is shown in the picture

LONDON the SEASON

THE TATLER
MAY 4, 1932

by
M.E. BROOKE

All British and correct in every detail is this lovely Court Gown from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. It is expressed in heavy dull silk marocain of a vellum-tinted shade, the train being of silver lame lined with marocain; the tiara is of crystals to harmonise with the ornament on the corsage

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE BY Blake

In the Ballroom

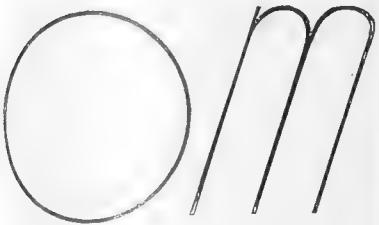
THE Season's evening frocks have their capes and the interest in design is centred above the waistline, the skirts are moulded over the hips with fulness below. The ensemble below comes from the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street; it is carried out in parchment-tinted satin, the cape enriched with feathers; two ways of wearing it are shown



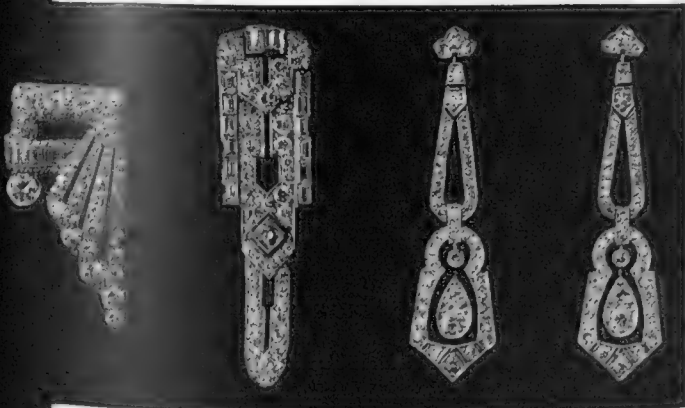
PICTURES BY BLAKE



BEADED epaulette sleeves give character to this evening frock while the coat en suite alters the silhouette in the accepted manner, therefore monotony is banished. It is carried out in rose pink romaine and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge



LIKE most things feminine jewellery has its fashions; not only do the designs alter but the precious gems pass through phases of popularity. Diamonds are now regarded with the greatest favour, therefore the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, have contributed the lovely diamond ornaments seen on this page; they include bracelets, earrings, and clip-on brooches



CERTAIN stones harmonize with certain colourings and emphasize their beauty; therefore in some of the ornaments on the left the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have introduced rubies, emeralds, or sapphires. Lovely ropes of pearls have also their rôles to play



On

In spite of its general sophistication the frock on the left from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, has a flattering effect helped by the sleeves and neckline. It is carried out in beige lace and floral printed chiffon

Fashion thought of a new way of blending wool lace and georgette, it has been annexed by Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, in the ensemble on the right, which is destined to be seen in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. This firm is likewise responsible for the hat with its rather low crown and sunshade; there are many variations on these themes



• The ensemble is well understood at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street; there is something for every modish function. The two-piece affair on the right is a study in what is frequently called warm stone shades and black; the arrangement of the scarf collar, vest and sleeves is becoming



Lawns



■ Beige and brown-printed crêpe de chine make the exceptionally smart affair on the left; it may be seen in Fenwick's Salon, 62-63, New Bond Street. The abbreviated coat has a luxurious collar. There is something different about it that will appeal to every woman who has a reputation to maintain for being well dressed

PICTURES BY BLAKE



The pyjamas on the left are as simple as they are practical, hence there are many occasions on which they may appropriately be worn. They come from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1; the trousers are of geranium red crêpe de chine, while in the blouse elusive shades of red, pink, and blue are present, the wide soft belt being of red patent leather with buckle to tone



Something decorative and practical is sought by women to-day, so Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W.1, have answered the call by the next gown on the right, which costs four pounds. It is carried out in lace trimmed with richness and posed on a silk slip; it is available in many colours. The pyjamas above of which only the upper portion is shown are of printed crêpe de chine



Negligées become more and more elusively lovely; a cloud of chiffon mingled with lace makes the graceful affair on the right from Jays, Regent Street. It is gauged over the hips and has flowing sleeves. Merely a detail of another negligée is seen in the inset; it is expressed in pale coral pink velvet with cowl neckline and ostrich feather trimming



Soft and decorative garments for the boudoir always come into their own when tailored suits and wraps are modish during the day



Here is a breakfast jacket of pale green crêpe de chine embracing a decidedly new note, as it is outlined with ruched net and rosebuds. It comes from the Walpole salons, 89, New Bond Street, W.1, where it is companioned with the wrapper on the left. It is of pale pink georgette; the overdress, cut on coat lines, has a decidedly slimming effect and is expressed in broché velvet; the draped revers are of diaphanous georgette



the highway of fashion

by

m. e. brooke

THE shady hat at the top of the page comes from Liberty's, Regent Street, and others in the summer. It is of ballibumball straw.

THE decorative veil has a charming softening influence on the rather glossy straw hat on the left; it may be seen at Liberty's.

MANY smart hats at Liberty's are pleasantly priced. The yedda straw model on the extreme right is merely 25s. 9d.

FLOWERS do make a difference, therefore Liberty's have contributed this spray of brown slipper orchids and asparagus fern.

THERE is something about the fashions that are created for the London Season that is totally different from those that appear at any other time of the year, they come to us in the Spring and vary in charm according to their many interpreters. These pages have been compiled in order to show a panorama of the altogether charming modes that will be worn during the ensuing months.

AMONG the many lovely evening dresses that are being worn is Lady Ponsonby's peach-coloured lace dress reinforced with a short coat which is loosely knotted at the waist, the skirt being composed of shaped flounces. Baroness de Tuxill has a simple daffodil yellow satin frock, it is cut on classical lines with a cowl drapery in front and a large bow at the back. Lady Chaplin's dress is of white chiffon and silver sequin berthe.

LADY Dudley Gordon, among whose favourite colours is blue, has an ensemble with a larkspur blue coat with knife-pleated frills to match those on the dress. The latter is of printed crêpe de chine, blue being the predominating colour; there is a bolero effect with puffs above the elbows. Lady Codrington has the simplest black frock imaginable; it is finished with white silk piqué collar and cuffs. Lady Gweneth Cavendish's tennis frock is parchment tinted, sleeveless, with touches of pink and green on the belt which is trimmed with pearl buttons.





“I do assure you sincerely I can make your skin lovelier”

“If you were to use my Special Lotion to-night, you’d see the difference *to-morrow morning*. You could look in your mirror—in the most candid morning light—and see your skin clearer, smoother, actually *fairer* than when you went to bed. And if you followed my simple routine faithfully for two or three weeks you’d see that difference *every day*...until you’d got your skin back to the utter clarity, the flawless *natural* loveliness it had when you were a child.

“I know my way is different—revolutionary even. But I believe—and I have proved it in a lifetime of study and experience—that *real soap-and-water cleansing*, with specially prepared soap, is a very big beauty secret. Nothing else really removes grease; and it is grease that attracts so fatally all the dust and germs and dangerous irritants in the air. Cyclax users

FREE BOOKLET: Please let me send you—quite free, of course—my own book, “The Art of Being Lovely,” which I have just re-edited and reprinted. It shows you just how to use Cyclax, and outlines my treatment for many special skin difficulties.

massage with Skinfood night and morning, but in the morning, after the bracing nourishing cream has done its work, they always wash it away with warm water and the rare, rich-lathered Cyclax soap. Instead of greasy vanishing cream, they prepare their skin for the day with a special liquid *non-greasy* powder base; and they add the final subtle finish with powder and perhaps also cosmetics, specially prepared neither to harm the skin nor to artificialise its quiet natural charm. “So—scientifically, methodically, Cyclax brings your skin back to perfection; cleansed *within* with Special Lotion; protected *without* by perfect daily care; made and kept lovely always by these simple means.”

Frances Hemming.

FREE ADVICE: If you are able to come to the Salon at 58, South Molton Street, either I or one of my personally trained experts will be delighted to advise you, but if you cannot, please write and ask me any questions.

Cyclax is English all through

Cyclax specialities are made in my own laboratories.

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CYCLAX SOAP—its emollient qualities make it almost a skin treatment in itself—has exceptionally abundant lather which removes Skinfood. 3/6 per tablet.

CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION. A non-greasy powder base. For dry skins use Cyclax Sunburn Lotion. 4/6, 8/6.

CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/6, 7/6.

CYCLAX POWDER. In seven shades or specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6, 8/6.

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 : PARIS : BERLIN : NEW YORK



Model, Cites.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

—continued

Some consider that we are standing on the threshold of the vogue for blouses: others believe that it has been crossed, and that no wardrobe be fully equipped unless it contain at least a dozen of these accessories, and of course they must bear the name of Cites, as they are all-British, and wash and wear extremely well. Naturally, Fashion's commands are mirrored in them. Two are illustrated on this page: the one on the left is decorated with embroidered eyelet-holes, and the one on the right with coloured stitching and pearl buttons.



Model, Cites

Quite definitely, Gordon Lowe, 25, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, set the fashions in sports wear, as everything they sponsor is absolutely practical, and at the same time becoming. To them must be given the credit of the tennis and beach suits seen on this page. The latter has admirably cut trousers. They are available for £2 2s. in blue or white: the jumper matches them, relieved with a contrasting colour, and is 30s., and there are others from 15s. The tennis outfit consists of a white shirt that costs 35s., and a jumper, reinforced with a belt, for 37s. 6d. By the way, there are cardigans from a guinea: illustrations of these appear in the new catalogue that will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Furthermore, there is a five-piece ensemble for £6 6s. It does indeed represent wonderful value: it consists of a shirt, a double-breasted coat, white jumper with touches of green, scarf, and cap. It is obtainable in many colour schemes.



In order to demonstrate that Scotland is capable of subtlety as well as strength, of harmony as well as vigorous contrast, Innes Henderson and Company, Victoria Mills, Hawick, Scotland, have produced a coloured brochure: each illustration is a perfect picture and suggests a portrait rather than a fashion study. Silks from far Cathay, cashmere from India, and fleeces from sunny Australia are knit into garments of wonderful intricacy and cunningly fashioned so that a perfect fit is a foregone conclusion—and they bear the name of Braemar. And there is unique woven (if so it may be called) Braemar underwear; it is of lace-like texture and endowed with elastic qualities: there are panties, vests, and combinations in silk, silk and wool, and all wool. They have low backs, and without suspicion of pressure give the much to be desired "lift up" to the figure, they are so slimming. They are appropriate for wearing beneath or over the foundation garment.

F. J. Tullon

Models, Gordon Lowe



*The Hat and
the Scarf as
Paris
wears it . . .*



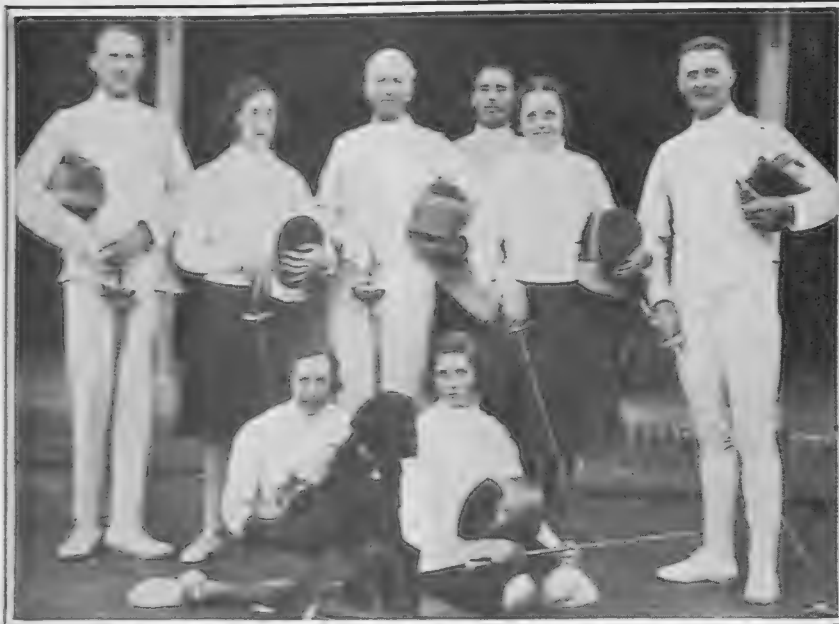
*Margaret
Barry*

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 214

more nervous work sitting in the Grand Stand watching a steeplechase than it is riding in one! This book, "Warrior," is a wonderful picture of how war hits the man behind the gun, who, incidentally, is also the man who has to stand up to what comes from the front end of the gun, and the author writes of it so well because he is helped by a first-hand knowledge. I am sure that it is a book which will outstay most other so-called war books, because it gives us the human touch in a way few, if any, others of its kind have done. It is the "warrior" who talks all the time, and that is why anyone who reads this book is going to listen. So much that we get and have got about war is what the butler told the cook, which is not evidence. This, on the other hand, is what the "warrior" did and what he felt, and therefore we sit up and take notice.

I am very glad to find Colonel Seton-Hutchison handing it out to books like "All Quiet on the Western Front," and things of the same kidney, which have sought to present the fighting-man in a particularly libellous guise. This is what the author of "Warrior" says, and I says "ditto!"—

It has been reported that our leaders were both rogues and fools, while I have seen a General win a battle in the morning and help Belgian farmers stack their corn at the evening hour. "All Quiet on the Western Front," with its reproductions in theme and in detail from many pens and many publishing



THE PESHAWUR EPÉE CLUB

Fencing is very popular in Peshawur and it always has had a good many adherents because the paraphernalia is not very difficult to arrange. In this group are (standing) Major Butt, K.O.Y.L.I., Mrs. Lunham, Colonel Dawes, I.A.S.C., Mrs. Marshall, Major Bradley-Williams, K.O.Y.L.I.; (seated) Miss Coleridge, daughter of the G.O.C. Peshawur District, and Mrs. Butt

houses, is so foul a slander, so false, that nothing will suffice but that it be torn from the body of literature. Its place is the sewage over which its author and his satellites so unashamedly gloat. Remarque's puppets had no counter-part in the British Armies, and with emphasis I declare, also, that they do in no manner typify the German soldier.

The author at the same time makes the obvious remark that war was "a dirty business" and that no amount of literary gloss can make it otherwise. A good many people know this, but this is no excuse for painting the warriors as blackguards.

"We aren't no thin red cross, an' we aren't no blackguards too,"
"But single men in barracks more remarkable like you;
"An' sometimes if our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
"Why single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."
"Kipper" knew his soldier man—so does "Warrior"!

It is probable that the Hog-Hunters' Dinner, which was due to be held again this year in London, will have to be postponed more or less indefinitely, as any members of the committee of the 1929 dinner whom I have consulted think that it would be impossible to hold it this year as was originally intended. It is a pity, of course, to have to resign all ideas about holding this dinner according to plan, but the times are such that it is better not to court a failure after having had such a successful show in 1929. It is possible that opinions as to the feasibility of holding it next year will alter, but at the moment I find that opinion is definitely against trying to do so.

Pope & Bradley
OF OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W.1.

"EXPENSIVE"

IN the light of comparative prices, it cannot be said that our charges are low. They are, according to present-day standards, "expensive." Eleven or twelve guineas is assumed to be a lot of money to pay for a lounge suit.

BUT we would mention, as an axiom, that we use only the very finest materials and linings; for cheap clothes are but poor economy—they neither tailor well, nor do they last long.

IT would be possible for us to produce quite easily a suit for six or eight guineas. But it would have to be a machine-sewn suit. Our cutters, who are artists, would not be able to obtain that perfect style for which hand-sewing alone is responsible. Nicely pressed off, such suits would fit well and look well—for a month or two: after that their shape would be appalling.

IT might be argued, except by the most particular of men, that four or five guineas extra is too much to pay for the indelible mark of style. It is not, for there are other important factors to take into consideration, including true economy.

STYLE is not the only quality imparted by hand-sewing. It is in the retention of shape and line that the essence of first-class tailoring

becomes apparent. As soon as the press has worn off a machine-made suit, it begins to lose its shape; before long it will look like a rag. Whereas a hand-sewn garment will, if anything, improve with wear, retaining its style for decades, until it becomes a relic.

ONLY a few firms in the West End employ hand-labour. It is a very costly item. Were we satisfied that machine-labour were as good, should we be so foolish as to pay over **three times as much for production?** We employ only the cream of the West End "log" journey-men tailors, not because we are philanthropists, but because they are worth every penny of their costly labour.

THESE items—materials and hand-labour—together with the fact that we employ the most highly-skilled cutters in the trade, of necessity make our clothes expensive. Not extravagantly so, for our organisation is run on the most economic lines, and our percentage of gross profit remarkably small.

ONE Pope & Bradley suit will outlast two or three machine-made eight-guinea suits, which means that this comparatively high initial outlay is eventually an economy.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from fifteen guineas.

14 Old Bond Street W.

All for Beauty



A Beauty Treatment by *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER home treatment. It is a carefully balanced scheme of cleansing, nourishing and refining to which your skin responds at once. Devote a few minutes each day to this rational and scientific method of skin care and you will soon see very definite results.

First cleanse your face with LUXURIA to remove every atom of buried dust and grime from the pores. Massage with SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER, a rich, clear cream that feeds and rebuilds the underlying tissues and tones up the muscles. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it, and, lastly, smooth in a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM to whiten and refine the surface and give your complexion the final charm of transparency and delicacy of texture.

What make-up should you use?

What is the best treatment for your skin?

Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, and get expert advice. Or write there for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists. Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Skin and Tissue Builder and Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 11/9, 30/-; Eau de Beauté, Price 4/-, 8/-.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. W. V. MAKINS

Who were married recently in London, photographed when spending their honeymoon at Yester House, Gifford, the Midlothian seat of the bride's uncle. Mr. William Vivian Makins, Welsh Guards, is the eldest son of Sir Paul Makins, Bart., and the late Lady Makins, and his wife was formerly Miss Jean Hay, and is the daughter of the late Lord Arthur Hay and of Mrs. Robert Leatham

Westminster; and early in June, Mr. Christopher Bell and Miss Jean Reekie are to be married at Broken Hill, N. Rhodesia.

In July.

Lieut.-Commander Ben Fisher, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Montrose*, the only son of Mr. Herbert Fisher, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Fisher of 64, Harley House, Regent's Park, N.W., is marrying Miss Christabel Caird Birse, the daughter of Mr. Edward Birse and Mrs. Birse of Mejlans, 16, Helsingfors, Finland, and the wedding is to take place in July.

Next Month.

On June 4, Mr. Denis H. Truscott, and Miss Betty Lyell are being married at Montrose; Mr. Cyril Roberts and Miss Christine Kitson have fixed the 2nd for their wedding at St. Margaret's,



MRS. H. J. HEWITSON

Who was formerly Miss Mabel A. Jamieson, and is the daughter of Mr. H. A. Jamieson. She was married recently to Mr. H. J. Hewitson, Mr. H. A. Jamieson has been Joint-Rector of Ayr Academy for thirty-six years, and is retiring at the end of the present term

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Christopher Leonard Howell Thomas, the younger son of the Hon. G. A. Thomas, C.I.E., I.C.S., and Mrs. Thomas of Bombay, and Miss Grace Elizabeth Leighton Stevens, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Stevens of Windy Corner, Hayling Island; Captain G. H. Winter, Norfolk Regiment, the son of Colonel and Mrs. B. E. Winter of Lowestoft, and Miss Jocelyn Bates, the daughter of Dr. Frank Bates and the late Mrs. Frank Bates, O.B.E., of Cringleford, Norwich; Lieutenant John Charles Horatio Nelson, R.N., only son of the late Mr. C. B. Nelson and Mrs. Nelson of Landford, Hants, and Miss Enid Hazel Warden, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warden of Salcombe, Devon, and Philadelphia, U.S.A.



MISS GWEN STERRY AND MR. W. M. SIMMERS

Who are to be married this summer. Both are well known in the sports world, as Miss Sterry is a tennis international, and Mr. Simmers is a Scottish Rugger international



THE DUO-SERVICE CANTEEN

As appealing as the lovely silver inside, is this new container in Community Plate. The canteen itself fits easily into the side-board drawer; the removable top is in the form of a handsome serving tray, a smart and useful addition to the equipment of your dining room. Fitted with a complete service for either six or eight persons it is obtainable in any of Community's five distinguished designs. A service for six (52 pieces) costs only 8 Guineas.

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PLATE

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BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.,
WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD.



SOFT, silky, caressing—a belt designed for you by Roussel woos your figure into beauty of line with unobtrusive tact. You will have the perfect comfort and absolute freedom of movement combined with adequate support which only a Belt by Roussel can give you.

These cool light belts are woven with consummate artistry in seamless elastic tricot.

M. Roussel undertakes to give you a free adjustment service and a six months' guarantee that your belt retains its exquisite shape whilst your figure is moulded to the correct line.

To ensure this personal attention and perfect fitting, sales are confined to Roussel Salons.

Prices: Hip-belts from 2 to 9 gns.

Long-belts from 5 to 12 gns.

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(of Paris)

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BIRMINGHAM: 6, Midland Arcade

MANCHESTER: 6, King Street

PARIS: 166, Boulevard Haussmann

R7

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

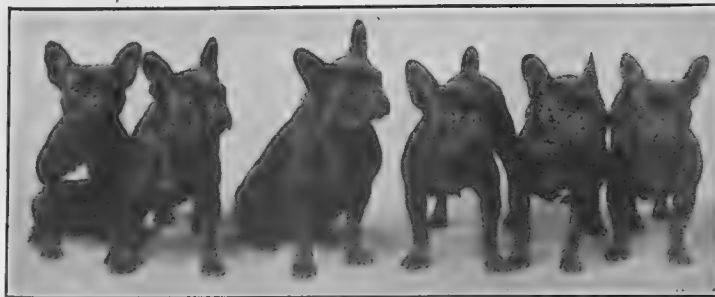
Our Association has always prided itself on being to the fore in all matters connected with dog shows and breeding. It is, therefore, fitting that it should be the first Association to try and make dog shows of interest to the general public. There is no doubt that the "come late and go early" show has not much to offer to the ordinary visitor, as the dogs are either on their way to or from the show or in the ring, and at the big two days' show they are usually asleep when not in the ring. We are therefore having "Breed Parades" at intervals during both days. These parades are not for prize winners only, but for all dogs entered, so people will be able to see the dogs they are interested in walking about. In addition there are displays of Great Dane Obedience Training given by Mr. Gordon Stewart's famous Great Danes at 4 and 7 on May 11, and at 3.30 on May 12. "The Daily Mirror" Brave Dogs will be on view, and also parade at 3.30 on the 11th, and 4.15 on the 12th.



GRIFFONS
The property of Miss Curtis

There are also Obedience Classes for Alsatians, a General Obedience Class, and one for Pekinese! The latter is sure to be amusing, and I know of several Pekinese who have gone into intensive training for it. There are also the usual Children's Classes and Specials on the second day. H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, our President, is to visit the show on the afternoon of the first day. There is so much interest taken in dogs at present that these features are sure to attract visitors, and Olympia is so vast that there will be plenty of room to see everything without undue crowding.

Miss Curtis sends news of her griffons. She has two young ladies wishing to go out into the

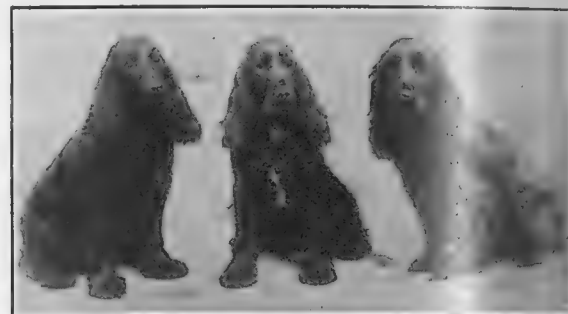


FRENCH BULLDOGS
The property of Mrs. Sugden

bulldogs is not an easy matter; it is most unusual for a bitch to have so many winning daughters, and Mrs. Sugden is naturally very proud of the family. Germaine is a lovely bitch of the truest type, and her sisters are also most typical, as one can see.

Miss Taylor owns a small but very select kennel of cockers, and sends a good photograph of them, including Ottershaw Beauty and her sons, Dunford Joy on the left, and, in the centre, Dunford Vimbee, a recent Cruft's winner. Miss Taylor has a good young black dog, age eleven months, for sale, younger brother to the Kensington Challenge Certificate winner. Miss Taylor will be pleased to show him to anyone in London by appointment. There seems to be no sign of the popularity of the cocker diminishing; in fact it is, if anything, increasing. He is seen everywhere and has admirers all over the world.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



COCKER SPANIELS
The property of Miss Taylor

Golden moments with **PLAYER'S**

Withdrawn from the
world of affairs...
within the quiet of
one's own thoughts
—PLAYER'S make very
pleasant company.



PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100'S BOXES 4'8^d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6^d



Link-Boy ★



★ Redingote



★ Cutaway



★ Bell-Hop II.

NICOLLS ARE FIRST WITH THE FEMININE FLANNELS

Can it be the result of Madame Chanel's visit to London? Has some one been listening-in to Schiaparelli? We cannot say. But the fact remains, the cosmopolitan world has gone crazy over flannel! And our Three Guinea Floor is totally under the spell!

It shows hosts of sheer man-tailored coats and suits in silver greys—cut as only Nicoll can cut them, in English flannel, with international feeling.

Think of yourself stepping along under the blossom in the Park in Bell-Hop II.—the talented twin suit to our famous Bell-Hop I. Or slipping Redingote sheath-like over a

summer frock (even wearing it without one on a warm day!). Or, if you've left the thirty's behind, consider that kind little costume Cutaway. The cross-line repetition simply conjures away inches! Lastly, look at Link-Boy, a little aristocrat of a suit, which takes to town life with a swagger, rusticates with verve—dinner-jacket revers, link fastening and wrap-over skirt an' all!

All are from our **ONE PRICE THREE GUINEA DEPARTMENT**, where you will also find hundreds of brilliant scarves. Come along quickly and seize some of these fascinating feminine flannels for Whitsun!

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Mutiny Magic—continued from p. xxi

and from there your honour can see the stone that was the cause of his death."

"How did it cause his death?"

"I have heard it was like this, Sahib. The night was bright and clear and by the light of the moon this sepoy thought he could spy a mutineer standing by the roadside. He fired, then, being but an ignorant man, he peered over the parapet to see if his aim had been true. All was well—the mutineer lay prone upon the roadside below. The sepoy must have exposed himself unduly for he fell back shot in the head."

"By the light of the sun next day it was seen that the mutineer proved to be no mutineer at all, but a stone set by the Sahibs on the roadside to point the way to the north. If the Sahib will come on to the bastion yonder he can see the stone still lying across the ditch where it fell that night."

They walked up the ramp together, and, sure enough, from the bastion above could be seen the stone spanning the ditch on the roadside below.

It was a square-faced, solid block of granite, three to four feet in length, with each face about a foot in width. It appeared to be exactly like many thousands of such stones placed on the main roads of India to point the way to the illiterate peasant, who, without them, would be unable to tell the main from the branch roads.

"They say the soldier's spirit still visits that stone, Sahib."

"How do they know that?"

The Havildar looked sheepish.

"They say, Sahib, that the stone drips blood on the anniversary of the soldier's death. The local inhabitants suffered great hardships during the mutiny, mostly from raiders and bandits, and they say this man's spirit returns to warn them, lest at any time they again be tempted to raise their hand against the just rule of the Sahibs."

"What nonsense! How can this be?"

"I don't know, Sahib; maybe it is magic."

"Magic, indeed!" scoffed Kershaw, "this is not an age of miracles. That is nothing but an old woman's tale."

"Maybe, Sahib, but I have heard that miracles did happen during the dark days of the mutiny."

What good to argue with the Sahib? Sahibs never believe anything that they can't see and feel. He—Havildar Shanker Rao Bhoote—firmly believed the story to be true. Had he not spoken with the Subahdar Sahib—now retired and working for the Bazaar Master—who, being able to read English, knew the date of the sepoy's death? Had the Subahdar

Sahib himself not recounted how he had come there several years past, to see with his own eyes, the blood drip from the stone? But what use in telling this to the Sahib? He would only laugh.

"Look, Sahib, from here you can see the hole made by the bullet."

Kershaw could certainly see a dark mark on the near side of the stone. Was it imagination? The glare was terrific—yes, it must be the glare that made the bullet hole appear so dark; of course, that dark was merely a shadow. But was it?

To-day was the 9th of November—the anniversary of the sepoy's death. Kershaw felt again that odd feeling creeping up his spine.

What had come over him? This was the twentieth century; miracles didn't happen even in India, that land of mystery.

But who was he to say that miracles didn't happen? The Havildar was right—miracles of a sort *had* happened during the Mutiny—miracles of fidelity, of endurance, and of self-sacrifice.

What ever was the matter with him? This was the age of motors—not miracles. There was his motor down there now by the draw-bridge; he must get home, it was long past tiffin time. That was it, of course, how stupid of him not to have realized before what was wrong with him. He was hungry—he must be.

The sound of his foot on the self-starter was re-assuring. Yes, this was an age of motors.

The direct road to his bungalow led past that confounded stone with its dark, dark shadow. He could avoid it by turning right to the station or left to the church, and doing a detour; no, dash it all, he was late enough already. This was an age of motors—he drove straight on.

Yes, there was the stone on the left, lying as if it were a bridge across the ditch.

He jammed on his brakes, and got out of the car. He'd known it all the time; it was *not* the glare that had made the shadow seem dark—it *was* dark—dark red.

He looked closer. Yes, that certainly looked like the hole made by a bullet; from the centre of the hole the blood had oozed, and had trickled down the side of the stone; in the dust of the ditch beneath was a small, circular, dark red patch.

He looked carefully at the stone, there seemed to be no crack or bluish on it—only the hole made by the bullet; he looked again. Blood *had* oozed from it—*was still oozing*.

With fascinated eyes Kershaw watched a drop trickle down the side of the stone, pause, then drip stickily on to that dark patch in the dust beneath.

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by the

HYSTOGEN-DERMA-PROCESS

which supersedes all other forms of treating the face and succeeds where all other methods have failed.



Extracts from articles written by well-known people who investigated the Hystogen-Derma-Process:—

LADY MAUD WARRENDER: "A Woman's Dearest Wish Fulfilled." "What surprised me equally was that the effect is permanent. Once this glorious appearance of youth has been recaptured it remains."

MARGERY LAWRENCE: "In Favour of Facial Perfection." "undoubtedly the greatest exponent of this discovery at the present time."

GILBERT FRANKAU: "Watching a Miracle." "Had I not seen the miracle done I should never have consented to subscribe this testimony."

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This 21/- Waterproof Coat is exceptional at its price. Expertly tailored on generous lines from light-weight super-Indiana, with every detail finished to perfection, it is proofed by the new Latex rubber process exclusive to Dunlop—light, fine, lasting and dainty.

Stocked in the style illustrated, also in single breasted model with multiple buttons. Colours: Putty, Beige, Green, Blue, Brown or Red.

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J. R. V. Johnson

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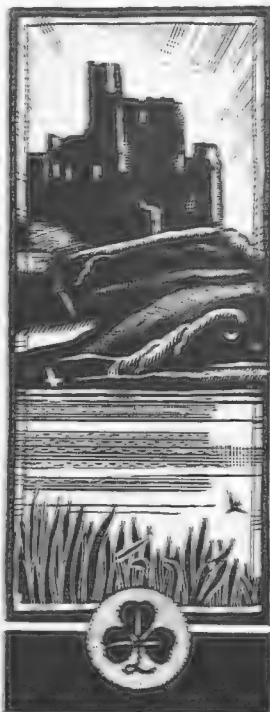
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At St. George's Hill for the "Britannia and Eve" One Day Spring Medal Foursomes: Miss Worsley, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Percy Garon, and Mrs. M. N. Clarke. The last two named were the winners of the scratch aggregate and 36 holes handicap

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 224

by some a positive haven of refuge after the perils of the new. Eighty-seven was the best Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Garon could do there, the former getting a rather excusable fit of the dithers over the mashie niblick, but it was good enough. Inside the clubhouse rapid calculations were sizing up other people's chances, largely those of Mrs. R. O. Porter and Mrs. Dudley Charles, who had led the old course scratch returns with 82, and had taken the first seven holes of the afternoon in only 1 over par. They crashed then, and though the old course scratch prizes remained theirs beyond dispute, the precious cups were rightly Mrs. Garon's and Mrs. Clarke's with that splendid 157 total.

Since they could not take any of the other spoils, the Misses Urwick won the handicap aggregate, Lady Alness and Miss Leatham the scratch on the new with 76, Miss M. L. Fraser and Miss Rawlins the handicap on the new, Mrs. Gow and Miss Raworth the handicap on the old. All very exciting, though, so that the crowd round the sheets of returns watched excitedly to see who would displace the topmost names on those tell-tale ladders as the day wore on.

Match play at Stoke Poges for the Wilton Shield the next day was almost a relief after all the card and pencil of the week, and real sunshine made it seem almost like Spring.

Old foes, Medical and Services, did battle in the morning, with six previous wins of the Shield to the credit of each. The Services tipped the scales over to seven in their favour. Mrs. Garon scored a fine win at the top of the team from a great anonymous lady who has relinquished golf for business, but was still able to show enough flashes of genius for Mrs. Garon's 4 and 2 win to be a very clever piece of work. The Parliamentary were equally clever as a team to beat the Legal, and then in the afternoon the Services were too strong once again, though Mrs. Garon, tired after her triumphs, went down to the excellent persistence of Miss Worsley.



The Wilton Shield at Stoke Poges: Mrs. Cavendish-Fuller, Captain of the Medical team, and right, Miss Dix-Perkins, who captained the United Services team

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Polo Notes—continued from p. 194

a naughty boy send him back into the school again and make him do his lessons till he learns them properly. Colonel Melvill has been, and is still, polo manager of Ranelagh, and it is good news to learn that he is now fast recovering from the effects of a serious operation. My heartiest felicitations to a valued friend upon a really good achievement in this amusing book.

Although there is nothing really definite upon which to build any statement, I understand that it is just possible that the Inter-Army Polo fight with America may be resumed next year, and I hope that this proves eventually to be true, for it would be rather a useful preliminary canter for any international team we might be thinking of getting into shape during 1933. Whether this materializes or not, however, there is plenty to keep us employed at whatever game we may aim, be it International Cricket, or International Polo, or International Pat-ball. A whole lot of people do not think that international contests make for the best interests of any game and, of course, they are as fully entitled to their opinions as are those who believe that emulation is the short cut to a higher proficiency. Personally I am sure that it is, and that people who only take in one another's washing never really get any forrarder. What brought that fine Goulburn team from Australia over? Why this, that Australia



MISS DOREEN BURKE AND MAJOR SIR EDWARD DURAND
AT THE CHELTENHAM POLO CLUB

A picture taken on Children's Day last week, when they had a gymkhana. Sir Edward Durand's seat, Langley, is close to Cheltenham

—although she had an idea that she had got the right stuff, as good and perhaps better than other people in the world—wanted to find out for certain, and so she sent this band of brothers Ashton here first, and then on to America. Now she knows pretty well how she stands, for she has acquired a most useful bit of collateral form, and it is fairly certain that sooner or later, and we all hope that it will be sooner, she will have another go at us and the world in general. If Australia, India, America, the Argentine, and the British Isles were not so widely divided by bits of the Seven Seas what a *real* International Cup might not be played! But unfortunately a polo contest on the same lines as the Davis Cup Lawn Tennis one, which with the Olympic Games, is the only thing with a real "international" savour, is very considerably more difficult to arrange, for it costs a bit more to cart a pony about the world than it does a tennis racquet and a sweater. But this apart, I am sure that international rivalry is as good for high efficiency in any game or sport as competition in the open market is good for trade. Anything that makes anyone want to do his level darndest must be good for him individually and for the side for which he is playing. Whether it's a win or we get beaten does not matter—playing the game for all it is worth is the only thing that matters. A dashed good hiding often is far more educative than an easy win with your toes in your boots and the good steed still pulling like a tug-boat. And here for the moment let us pause in this most improving discourse, and reserve a more detailed reconnaissance of the position for a future occasion.

Miss MADELEINE CARROLL

now playing in "Pleasure Cruise" at the Apollo Theatre, London, writes:

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A general view of the "Course in the City," which winds in and out of the roads in Monte Carlo, and is one of the most spectacular sections of the great contest

that it would bring my actual figures a good deal closer to those that I had promised. I might have lost a customer or two, of the type that loves difficulty for its own sake, but most of the others I think I could have persuaded that an acceleration curve that looks like a rainbow is preferable to one which is a portrait of the edge of a razor after it has been used for opening a tin of tongue. It was only the other day that I made acquaintance with the new Armstrong-Siddeley "Short" Fifteen. In this the famous gear is well exploited as a concomitant of a car of definitely "sporting" performance. And the requisite results are obtained with a motor that is beautifully sweet and docile. During one long and delicious run I kept my foot down for miles on end and became suspicious of the speedometer. The engine was taking things so smoothly that I could hardly believe the dial. But there is no arguing with statute miles and Greenwich minutes, and between the pair of them the average showed that the "speedo" was very little in error, if at all. I could have done with a slightly more reclining driving position, and I think that some better form of temperature control would be a good thing (this engine seemed to keep too cool), but otherwise I have no fault to find with a most charming car. To me it is all the more so because it is not put forth as a speed model; it retains all the characteristics associated with its name

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 222

and, in addition, it is a real "goer." And the harder you drive it the more do you realize what a wonderful thing the pre-selective gear is.

Welcome Innovation.

The firm of Wakefield, intimately connected with every sort of speed record, has recently produced something that will, if I mistake not, be highly valued by every owner-driver. Really it is two things. The first is a penetrative and most insinuating kind of oil—I wouldn't trust a tin of sardines with it—and the second is a squirt (clean hand affair) with which it can be applied. Mrs. P. V.'s "Hilda" Hillman has done about 60,000 with no sort of attention. So we tried the new stuff on hersprings, over which she has never worn spats.

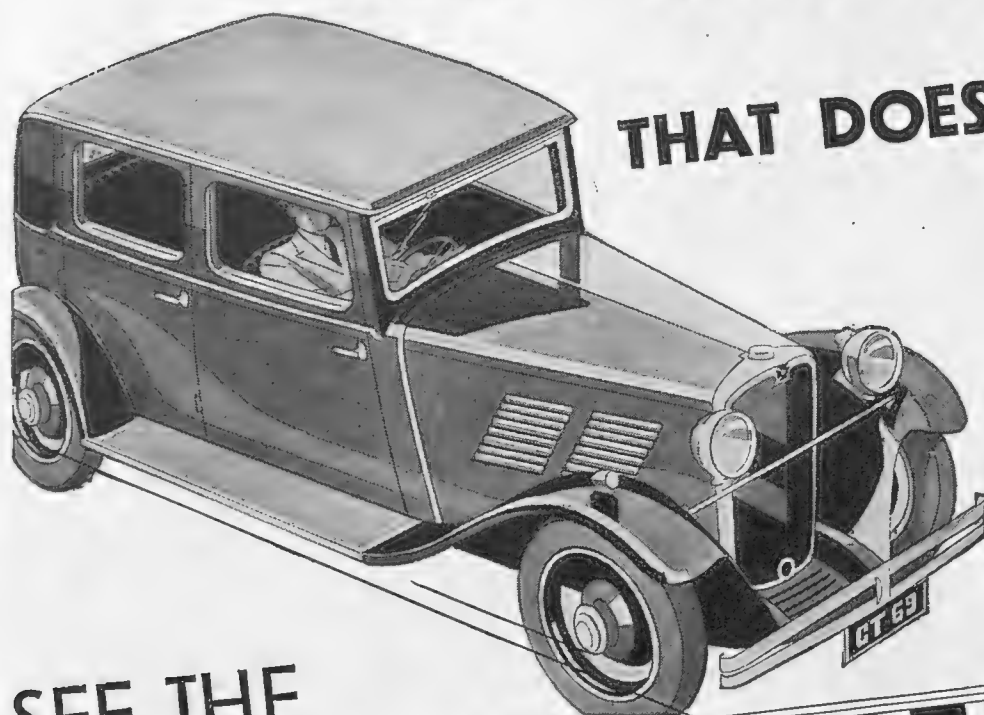
The result was surprisingly good. Of course a bit of the juice fell in the road, but most of it got to its place of business, to this effect that Mrs. P. V., saying that the car seemed to be running remarkably well, kept her foot down to such purpose that at the end of the journey I had to be lifted out of the car. Restoratives were at once applied. "Lord Wakefield," I said, "here's to yet another success!"



MISS GRACIE FIELDS AND AN ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

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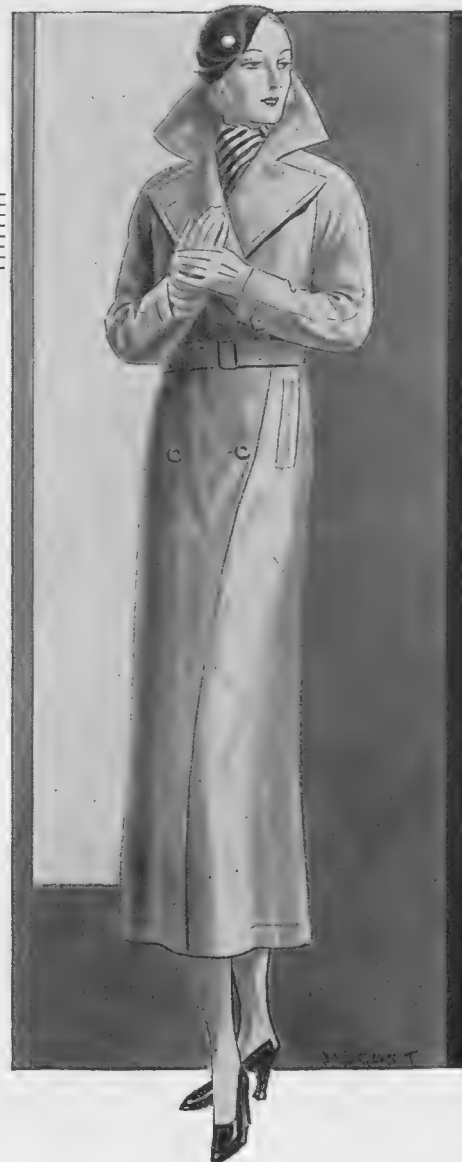


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WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

Entertainments a la Carte—cont. from p. 199

as needed. Her singing is not first rate, yet its tones impart colour and drama.

She is not beautiful, and has an unrestrained looseness of gesture which does not suit Madame Dubarry in scenes of artificial splendour; but a jaded king might well prefer this vital hoyden to any great beauty whose clock-work movements were perfect. She winks brazenly and too much; and this crudity is more alluring than the correct languors of the best chocolate-box charmers. She implies nothing from Watteau or Fragonard, and is more in tune with the later, fuller-blooded, revolution inspired David; but from the top of her startling red hair to the soles of her fairly large feet she tingles with life and latent fire.

Herr Carl Millocker's light music is always pleasant, and sometimes it has distinction—notably in Heddle Nash's song with the English lyrics that insist on dreaming and sunshine-gleaming. The heroine's much-plugged "I Give My Heart" is ordinary. The show's humour is medium, and would not be worth writing to the papers about if Clarice Hardwicke as the soubrette and Charles Heslop as a ga-ga marquis were not there to point it with sharp personality.

Edmund Willard does well as a saturnine Comte Dubarry, except for his horrific pronunciation of French names and titles—"Dooshess" is an instance among many. Margaret Yarde doubles with nicely revolting gusto the harridan-roles of milliner and infamous madam. C. M. Hallard is required to show the Duc de Choiseul as a bounder, but speaks the raw dialogue with grace enough to give the part courtliness. Mimi Crawford, dancing as La Camargo, wears an unblinking smile through all her gyrations and is, at any rate, dainty. Lawrence Anderson rejuvenates Louis XV too much but makes a person of charm out of what, as written in the lines, is a lay figure.

The finale is in the gardens of the Palace Luciennes, filled by courtiers, gorgeously hooped dresses, and Anny Ahlers. The chorus: "Long Live the King!" The Dubarry: "Long Live My King!" Louis XV, taking the Dubarry's fingertips: "And Long Live the Lady of My Heart!" The orchestra: "Da-ra, da-ra-ra-da. . . ."

But what will you, if the theme-tune is to be left tapping an audience's ear-drums, and if the chorus must have a last excuse for swaying hooped skirts and its own flanks? The production remains luscious despite banal dialogue; and red-haired Anny is London's newest foreign darling.



A TOAST FOR TWO: MISS MURIEL GEORGE AND MR. PETER GAWTHORNE (IN "HIS LORDSHIP")

A scene from a new film made at the Nettlefold Studios under the direction of Michael Powell, and produced by Jerry Jackson. In her first appearance on the screen Muriel George gives a most entertaining representation of a plumber's widow. Very well known both on the variety stage and to wireless fans, Miss George (Mrs. Ernest Butcher) was one of the original Pelissier Follies

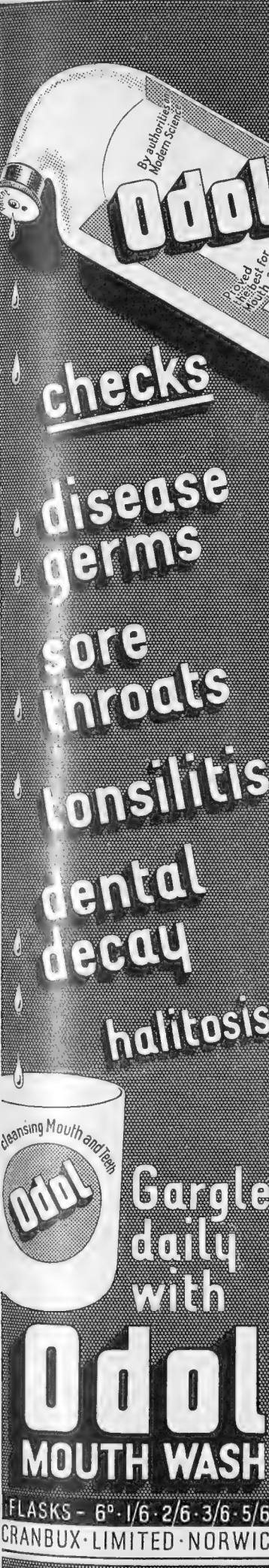
Air Eddies—continued from p. 216

Some interesting prizes are being given in addition to the Cup and replica. A Reid-Sigrist turn indicator is one prize, a thing that almost every private owner wants; a Thornton-Norris air log, an extremely useful instrument for keeping an accurate record of the machine's flying times, and a complete set of A.A. flying maps is being given by the British Aviation Insurance Group. Entries for this event close, at double fee (£4 4s.), on Saturday.

Brooklands Again.

Another race which, though more in the general run of air races, will provide interest, is the London-Newcastle race which starts from Brooklands. Entries for this event close on Tuesday next. The organizers are the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Aero Club. The race for the King's Cup also starts and finishes at Brooklands.

The recently completed buildings at Brooklands have been officially opened, and are proving popular. The dance on the opening night was a successful one, and the general view seems to be that the new buildings will have the effect of drawing many new members to Brooklands. The omens are favourable for the meeting there on the 27th and 28th, when THE TATLER-Concours d'Elégance will be held.



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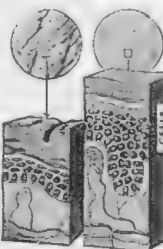
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Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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The MERRYWEATHER "C. T. C."

"amazingly efficient"

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I need not describe my alarm on seeing flames in a petrol engine, but I must say how relieved I felt when the "C. T. C." extinguished the flames immediately without doing the slightest damage.

Made in Three Sizes of 1, 2, and 3 pints.
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For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.



THE TERRACE OF THE PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY, AND THE SMALL GOLF COURSE

The third annual small course invitation golf championship at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, a 72-hole medal competition, was won by W. T. Branch, with a score of 205, from T. G. Renouf and C. A. Whitcombe. The prizes, which were given by Mr. G. W. Hands, the proprietor of the hotel, amounted to £300. The Palace Hotel is one of the most beautifully situated hotels and is known as England's Guest House.

In this country the growing recognition of the value of Spa treatment is causing doctors to take opportunities of visiting our own and foreign Spas to study the cures and to compare methods and practices adopted and the amenities offered to visitors. British doctors are being invited to join a party of medical men who will leave this country in September next for a tour of about a fortnight to Spas and other resorts in the Italian Alps, on the Lakes, on the Genoese Riviera, etc. The group will be in charge of an English-speaking Italian doctor. There will be no night travel in Italy, and a special train composed of first-class coaches will be used throughout. Each doctor will have the option of taking his wife, son, or daughter. Special railway tickets will be provided so that at the conclusion of the tour members will be at liberty to visit other parts of Italy. The tour will be noteworthy in three particulars: the unique beauty of the country toured; the very small "busman's holiday" factor; and the remarkable comfort and great efficiency with which it is being organized. The British Representative of the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.), Major W. Stormont, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W., will gladly provide details of the arrangement.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

With reference to a group of a dance held at The Bell House, near Beaconsfield, which was sent to us as one of the Old Berkeley Hunt Ball—this was quite incorrect as the ball had nothing whatever to do with the O.B.H., who are not having a hunt ball this season. We are sorry but we were ourselves misled.

A card party arranged by a special committee for the Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Association, is being given in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic, Islington, on May 5. The party is at Londonderry House, Park Lane (by kind permission of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry). Bridge, poker, backgammon, rummy, and other games will be played. Tickets are 12s. 6d. each (to include buffet supper and they may be obtained from the Organizing Secretary, S.W.H.M.A. 24, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

In our issue of April 27 last we published a photograph which we described as being taken at the Hon. Sophie Watson's Dance. This was an error for which we must apologise as the Dance was given entirely in aid of the Chelsea Children's Play Centre, and was not a private dance.



THE IFIELD GOLF CLUB EXHIBITION TOURNAMENT

Pagham and Lacey, winners (2 and 1) in the foursomes v. Cotton and Jones (the club professional), on the second green—Cotton putting. Sir John Drughorn put up the stakes and takes a great personal interest in this beautiful course near Crawley in Sussex.



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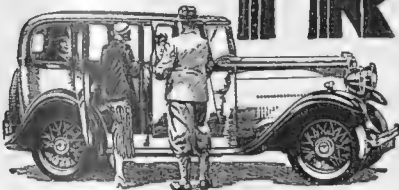
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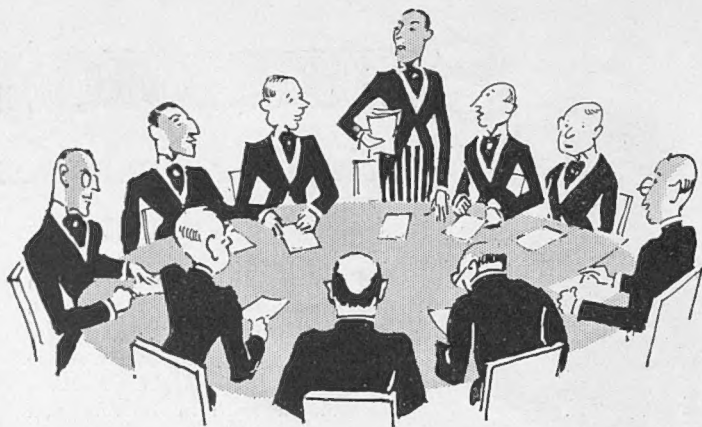
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A gentleman's occupation

June, 1833:—"Tho Greville¹ has been completely absorbed with ye book he made on ye Derby, I doubt whether he really finds in turf matters ye same genuine pleasure that Ld G² and his other friends enjoy. In fact, Greville once confided in me that he wd never again engage in racing interests were it not for hope of financial gain.

I do not know how his fortunes have been over this last book of his. But his own horse³ was well beaten, and I hear there was some considerable money placed pon Dangerous.⁴ Tis like that he is no more benefited by ye race than I."



1. The famous Charles Greville 1794-1865
2. Lord George Bentinck, cousin of Charles Greville.
3. The Whale. Second favourite in the Derby of 1833, but unplaced in the race.
4. Owned by Mr. Isaac Sadler. Winner of the 1833 Derby, at 25 to 1.

Lady Angela: "But I thought Charles Greville moved in the best social circles of his day. Wasn't he a nephew of the Duke of Portland?"

Sir Edward: "He was, my dear. Why the perplexity?"

Lady Angela: "Well, the diary says that he made a book on the Derby. Surely a man of his standing wouldn't have done that."

Sir Edward: "Apparently he did."

Lady Angela: "I thought the bookies of those days were—well, rough diamonds, to say the least."

Sir Edward: "That's the curious part of it. Most of the regular bookies *were* rough diamonds, but the records show that many of the leading sportsmen also made books now and then. Lord George Bentinck, for instance, made one quite often."

Lady Angela: "And no one thought any the worse of them for doing it?"

Sir Edward: "Certainly not. They took the sensible view. If a gentleman did it—alors, it was a gentleman's occupation."

Lady Angela: "I see. Then 'Duggie' is really carrying on a tradition."

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